

Manhattan madness



San Francisco is about to be demolished as one of the world's uniquely beautiful and civilized cities.

If you have doubts, The Guardian invites you to read the two stories in this edition (the first of a series on the city's environmental crises) by Burton H. Wolfe (p 1) and Bruce B. Brugmann (p 3). Wolfe's story discloses the little understood foundation of the Bay Area Rapid Transit system: that it is expressly designed to transform San Francisco into another Manhattan Island.

◆ THE RESULT: San Francisco soon will duplicate the crushing problems—buildings too high, people too many, congestion too heavy, incivilities too compacted—that have made Manhattan Island virtually unlivable.

Brugmann's story reveals how San Bruno Mountain, the spectacular sweep of mountain, valley and breathing space between San Francisco and the Peninsula, is about to be butchered as a gigantic source of bayfill, for steep slope residences on its peaks and a Marincello-like development in its valleys.

◆ THE RESULT: Manhattanized in its downtown and on its bay front, San Francisco will now be strangled on its rear flanks. The mountain will go as a life-enhancing greenbelt and San Francisco will be blended into the delights and delicacies of Brisbane, South San Francisco, Daly City, Westlake, Serramonte and Buri Buri.

Is this the kind of city we want? Read these accounts and make up your mind.

Must San Francisco choke itself to death?

By Burton H. Wolfe
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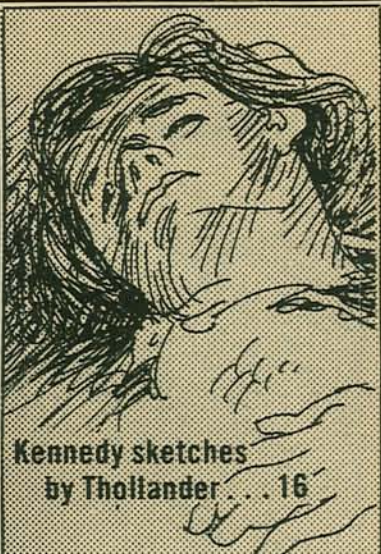
Roger Lapham, Jr., dapper son of a former San Francisco mayor, sat in his plush office on the 32nd floor of San Francisco's Wells Fargo Building, "tallest in the West."

"The end result of BARTD (Bay Area Rapid Transit District) is that San Francisco will be just like Manhattan," he said gazing past his opulent furniture and modern paintings out the window toward a stupendous view of the bay.

Lapham, president of the in-

surance brokerage firm of Alexander, Sexton & Carr of California, has been one of the most influential members on BARTD's board of directors in its formative years. He and other key movers of BARTD in the local business community have pushed the rail transit system as the means of transporting an ever greater number of commuters from an ever widening area to a forest of gigantic skyscrapers in San Francisco.

They have an organization call-



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ed the Downtown Advisory Committee to carry out the plan. It represents the Chamber of Commerce, the Real Estate Board, the Downtown Property Owners and Building Association, the Building Owners and Managers Association, the Bank and Clearing House Association, and the Pacific Telephone Co. and other big corporations.

The 43-story, \$20 million Wells Fargo Building that Lapham's firm occupies at the corner of Market and Montgomery, key BARTD station stop, was the first constructed under the businessmen's plan to Manhattanize San Francisco. The Crocker Citizens Bank is following suit across the street with a \$20 million, 38-story building that has, like the Wells Fargo Building, an underground concourse leading to the BARTD subway. The Bank of America is outdoing the other two banks with a \$92 million, 52-story world headquarters, announced in these orgiastic terms:

Up, up and away

"The architects designed an office tower building which, located as it is in the midst of San Francisco's tallest buildings, will be the apex of the visual composition of the skyline. Seen from the bay, there is a gradual build-up of forms—they grow increasingly higher as they reach the center, where the new Bank of America World Headquarters will rise to a visual climax."

Not for long. Manhattan's Rockefeller plan to put up an Embarcadero Center, including office buildings that are 25, 45 and 60 stories (718 feet) high. North Waterfront Associates, with Lap-

—continued on page 2



San Francisco: "Going, going..."

Guardian photo by HANK MEALS



San Francisco, as seen from the crest of the mountain, San Bruno, that separates San Francisco from San Mateo County. In isolated readiness, at lower right, is Guadalupe Parkway, built to facilitate the Crocker Land Co's coming Marinello-type development. This unused highway symbolizes Crocker's political power: it's hard enough to get the proper access roads built where the people are, but Crocker got its key artery years before there was a settler in sight.

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ham as president, is trying to slap a 17-acre, \$100 million barrage of concrete and glass, called the International Market Center, along the face of Telegraph Hill. A luxury apartment is to be built

along Mount Olympus, rising 40 feet above the street level and obstructing the panoramic view to the north.

Elsewhere, real estate operators, business operations and labor unions are planning to fill San

Francisco full of high-rise structures. Eventually, when enough of BARTD is completed to transport adequately the people who will commute to and from this towering mass of concrete, local businessmen plan to go all out to convert San Francisco into Manhattan.

Recently, San Franciscans have become confused on this subject by a fight on the Board of Supervisors over the density of buildings to be permitted under a new zoning plan. The Downtown Advisory Committee's spokesmen on the Board, James Mailliard and Dorothy von Beroldingen, thought they could engineer, without opposition, a zoning ordinance calling for the densest concrete jungle in the world.

Two young supervisors, Robert Mendelsohn and Ronald Pelosi, put together the votes to beat them, and the San Francisco Examiner headlined:

"Supervisors Vote Against High Density."

That was incorrect and the lead paragraph of the simplistic story was worse:

"The Supervisors have narrowly rejected a proposal to turn San Francisco's downtown into another Manhattan Island."

Patently false

This is patently false. All the supervisors did was to alter a proposed building ratio (the footage of building floor space permitted for every foot of land on one's lot) from 16:1 to 14:1 in a downtown area that is right now less than 14:1. By adding concourses for the BARTD subway and other amenities, however, a builder can increase his ratio to 24:1—24 feet of floor space for

Manhattan Madness in SF

every foot of his lot.

As City Planning Director Allan B. Jacobs told me, "the zoning plan makes it more difficult in some cases to create Manhattan, but not impossible." For example, Jacobs said, the Wells Fargo Building would have been cut down by several stories because the plot of land on which it sits would not be big enough for the ratio to add up to its present height. But the 52-story Bank of America building, Jacobs pointed out, can be constructed even higher than it is now under the new zoning plan.

In fact, the tallest structures in the world can and undoubtedly will be built under this new zoning plan. When they are completed, a large part of San Francisco will look and function much much like Manhattan.

And it is BARTD that will make this more inevitable by bringing more people, much faster, into San Francisco just as the subway does into Manhattan.

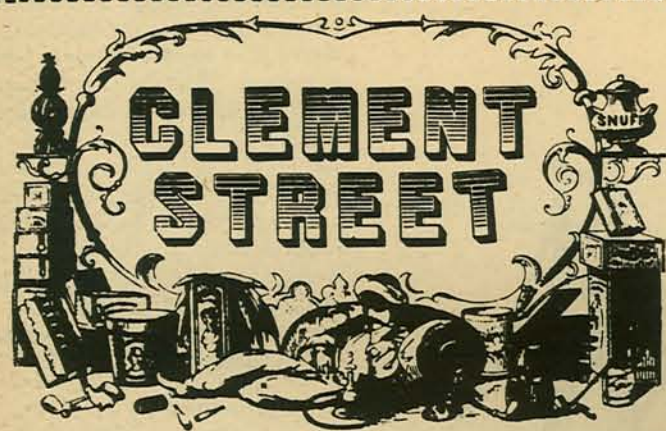
This is what James Bailey, senior editor of Architectural Forum, meant when he wrote in his magazine's June 1966 issue: "BARTD is more than transportation—it is the largest single act of urban design currently underway in the U.S."

The design began in the early 1950's, when San Francisco bus-

iness leaders started to ponder how they could expand their commerce center of the West and make more money within the confines of what is geographically a small city. They also were concerned, quite understandably, about the trend toward decentralization. More and more shopping and finance centers were being built down the peninsula and across the Bay in Alameda and Marin counties, making it unnecessary for everyone to come to San Francisco to transact business.

These San Franciscans decided to reverse that trend, to centralize shopping, finance and cultural activities in their own city, and to bring everybody from surrounding areas into the same sort of system that makes Manhattan the hub of greater New York City. So, they put together a committee headed by bankers like Carl F. Wente, chairman of the board of Bank of America; Kendrick B. Morrish, vice-president of Wells Fargo; and Mortimer Fleishhaker, Jr., a director of Crocker Citizens. Then they called in an outside firm to "do a study" that would conclude what they wanted concluded.

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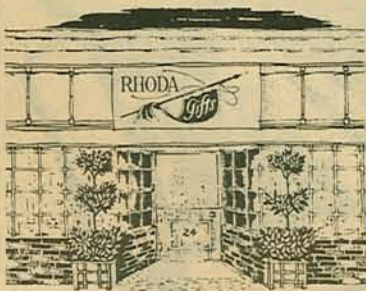
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San Bruno Mt.—“Going, going...”

Secret report reveals Crocker excavation, fill plans

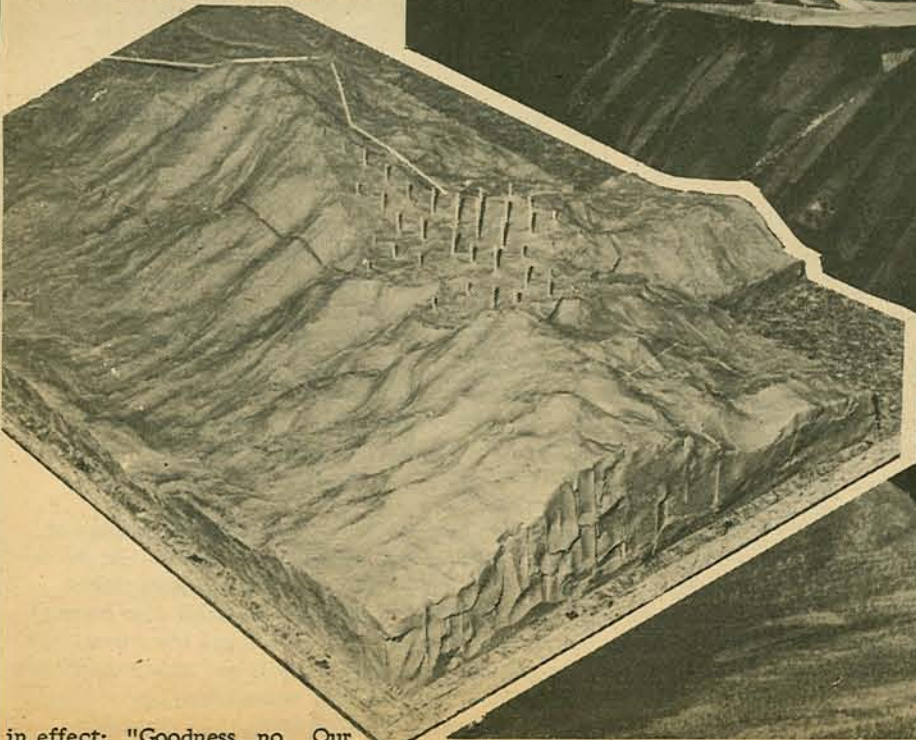
By Bruce B. Brugmann

Copyright 1968, The Bay Guardian Co. Inc.

Three years ago, Atty. Caspar Weinberger directly put this question on his KQED television show to the general manager of the Crocker Land Co. that owned San Bruno Mountain:

"Are you going to tear down San Bruno Mountain? I read this in the papers."

W. F. Morton smiled and said



in effect: "Goodness, no. Our company would never do anything like that. Besides, that mountain is too big to be torn down."

I was a panelist on the same television show, as the Peninsula reporter who had exposed Crocker's vast plans to move much of the mountain into much of the bay, and I outlined them in detail for the Profile Bay Area audience and pressed Morton sharply about them.

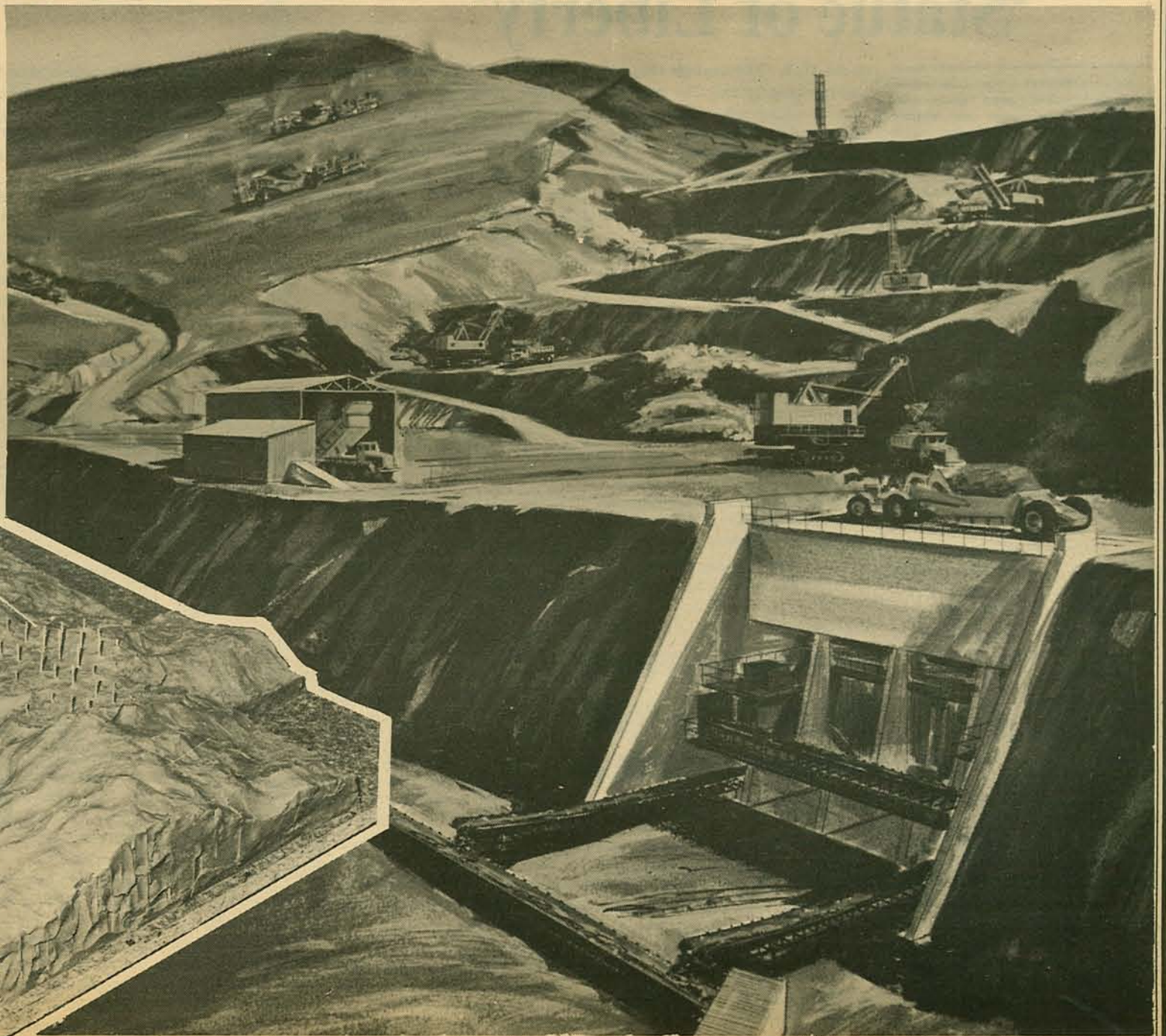
Nothing to worry about

Again and again, Morton smilingly minimized the size and extent of my charges about the use of San Bruno as a vast quarry site for bay fill. There's nothing to worry about.

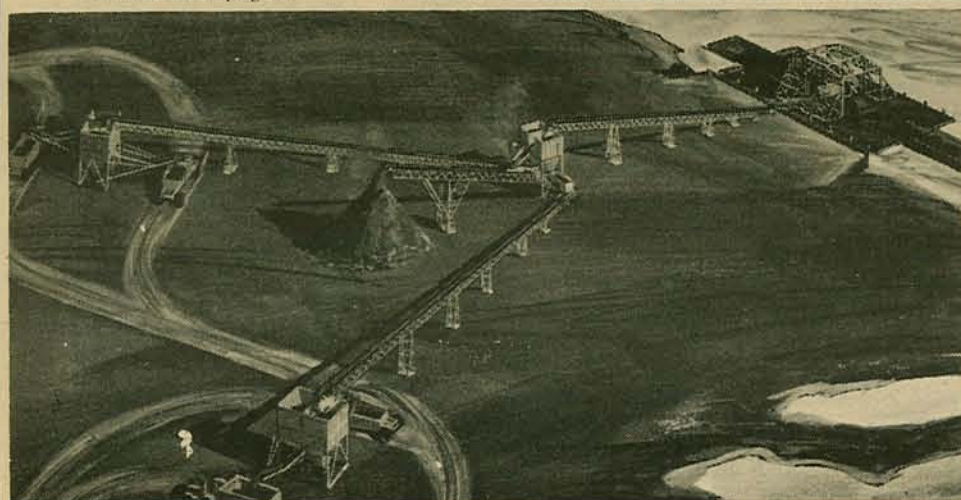
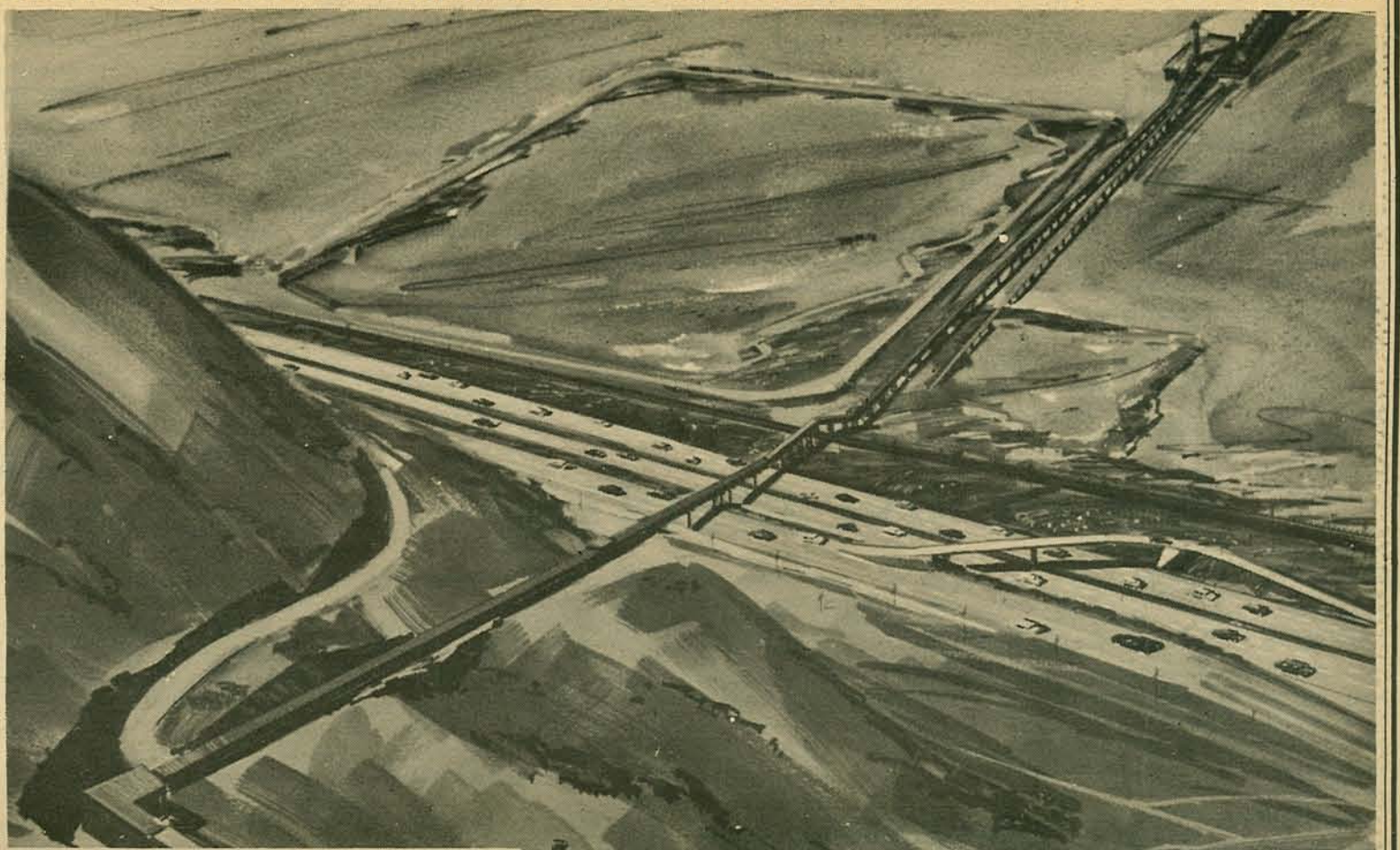
I mention this incident because I have recently acquired, from Crocker archives, a secret report which the Guy Atkinson Construction Co. did for Crocker about the time of the television show.

It proves beyond refutation that Morton was fudging mightily and that the Crocker Land Co., in partnership with David Rockefeller (of Chase Manhattan Bank of New York and Rockefeller West of San Francisco; see Burton Wolfe, p. 1) and the Ideal Cement Co., are planning the most massive earth-moving op-

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The decapitation of San Bruno Mountain, as recommended in a secret report to the Crocker Land Company, sole owners of the mountain. FIRST: gouge out the mountain with bulldozers and scoops (above). SECOND: crush the excavated material, then put it on a conveyor belt that arches over the Bayshore, past the Brisbane dump and onto a barge (below). THIRD: move it inland to the fill project from the barge in two sections (lower left inset). The excavated area is shown (upper left inset). The result: a classic pincers movement on land and water.



Max Rafferty - our new 'Statue of Liberty'

Kenneth Rexroth is one of the nation's most distinguished literary figures—critic, novelist, poet, newspaper and magazine contributor. As it does with other columnists, The Guardian gives him wide editorial latitude.

Leave. On a dime. Anybody young enough to start over who can get out of this country and doesn't, should have his head examined. There is no point in trying to save it.

Rats leave a sinking ship for the simple reason that they are not engineers or naval architects. They can't unsink it. Neither can you.

Immediately after the shooting of Robert Kennedy I circulated around and listened in my neighborhood, the southern corner of Fillmore ghetto. Whatever middle class white Americans may think, Black America now shares the near universally held opinion of Europeans that the U.S. is in the grip of a political despotism one of whose instruments is an organized band of assassins.

French editors, British longshoremen, German generals--and an evergrowing number of black Americans--believe that the same organization shot Robert Kennedy as shot his brother, Malcom X and Martin Luther King and poisoned Adlai Stevenson. If you say "But where could Adlai have been poisoned--he was in the American Embassy?" the answer is "Well?"

Whether this is literally true or not, it is morally true. A government which daily murders innocent women and children in--where to begin?--Guatemala, Greece(bis), Turkey, Iran, the Congo, Indonesia, Bolivia--where should we stop?

Organized murder

Such a government creates an atmosphere of rule by organized murder, just definitely as if the rulers of the country personally pistolled their opponents at cabinet meetings.

You cannot export your murders. You cannot wash the blood off your hands down a drain on the other side of the earth called Hue. It sticks and bloodies all. Murder colors every human relationship you enter.

There's no need to get so distraught over one man in Los Angeles who may or may not have been shot to consolidate power

in the U.S. Movements created and directed by the CIA murdered a minimum of a quarter million people to consolidate American power in Indonesia. What would happen if that power were threatened at home?

The same insanity

The shooting of Robert Kennedy and the nomination of Max Rafferty are two aspects of the same social insanity. Murphy, Nixon, Reagan are hired men, subsidized employees of the neo-Fascist wheeler-dealers of Southern California. They are synthetic public relations constructs, as thin and unreal as the poster of a movie hero.

Max Rafferty is not an actor playing the role of Max Rafferty. He is Max Rafferty. He is an utterly unscrupulous demagogue with his own self-generated charisma for the mindless, frightened and hate-filled people that the frustrations of our society produce.

Kenneth Rexroth

Karl Marx thought that human self-alienation would produce wise and noble leaders of the organized working class, preferably named Karl and Friedrich.

Alas, our society, which has pushed human self-alienation to its bitter conclusion, finds the spokesmen for that alienation in rabid demagogues with quick and violent solutions.

"Drop the bomb on China now. Bomb North Vietnam off the earth. Take an eight-foot slice off the top of Cuba. Shoot every rioter down in his tracks. Expel every college demonstrator and then arrest him for trespass and give him the maximum sentence and fine. Shoot draft resistors for treason."

These are the commonplaces of American politics and there are hundreds of people over the country, probably thousands, in public office who got there by shouting them from public platforms. There's nothing unique about Max Rafferty. He certainly is a more accurate symbol of American civilization than the Statue of Liberty.

The U.S. has become a collective madman, dangerous to the life and limb of every other inhabitant of the earth. There certainly is no political party in this country with a program that can meet the terrible emergency of this nation of modern Assassins. I would be delighted to vote for a candidate with an adequate program.

What might that be?

The immediate arrest and trial of Johnson, Humphrey, MacNamara, Rusk, Rostow, and the rest, including their generals, by a Nuremberg tribunal. The total disarmament of the armed forces of the U.S. The total disarmament of the police forces. The policing of the country by a United Nations force of Yugoslaves, Burmese, Cambodians and Senegalese. The trial of each member of the CIA for genocide.

Once the country was occupied and reorganized, it then might be possible to bring to justice Madison Ave., the kept press, television and radio, the poisoners of food, the poisoners of the environment and the poisoners of the mind who teach in the universities and, last but not least, the lords of organized crime who are the foundation of the structure of political parties and who consciously and deliberately are busy selling the youth of America the equation "Revolt equals Narcotics"--certainly the most profitable counter-revolution ever invented.

None of this of course would ever be done by the American people themselves.

The only thing that will save America is to put it in restraint; turn it into a well run insane asylum under the administration of the sane. And where are they coming from? This is the reason for the passionate belief in flying saucers.

Charles Gould, publisher of the SF Examiner, in a signed editorial, says the murder of Robert Kennedy is the fault of conscientious objectors.

This is the man who wrote a series from the battlefield telling us that the USA was making another Waikiki out of Viet Nam.

Rin Tin Tin, the aging movie dog in Sacramento, implies that it was Robert Kennedy's own fault. When queried, his windbag replied, "That's our statement and we stick to it."

Let us 'live manfully'

(Dr. Fort is a public health specialist and sociologist-criminologist; creator and former Director of the Center for Special Problems in San Francisco; author, lecturer and social critic.)

Permeating our feelings of loss, grief and anger over the killings of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King is the realization that we live in a culture of violence.

A biological heritage of aggression, our frontier tradition, the equation of strength with violence, the brutalizing effect of (constant) war, the violent themes of television, motion pictures, comics, cartoons and the daily newspapers, carnage on the highways, and mental "health" programs which actually fail to detect, and sometimes foster, mental illness--these are some of the determinants of the violence which is as American as apple pie.

The immediacy and pervasiveness of fictional violence has for many people imperceptibly blended with real violence, making it more acceptable and

possible, just as hunting lower animals for "recreation" or hunting human beings as a soldier make it that much easier to gun down one's fellow man out of season. Merchants of death including weapons manufacturers, gun salesmen and advertisers, and the National Rifle Association find the 20,000 fatal shoot-

Dr. Joel Fort

ings a year (peacetime murders, suicides, accidents) in the United States profitable whether the victim be a future President or a ghetto youth.

A million premature and unnecessary deaths by shooting since 1900 (non-military) and more than a hundred thousand armed robberies and assaults each year bear further witness to the primacy of the gun in America.

Legislators and administrators characteristically defer to financial rather than moral or public interest so that despite 35 years of formal consideration by Congress there is no meaningful gun control law despite a pre-1968 poll showing 70% of Americans favoring strong federal firearms control.

As is traditional, our elected and appointed leaders attempt to distract us from the underlying causes or the full import of what is happening, by smoke-screens and sops such as a commission composed of the usual figureheads and pseudo-celebrities without the slightest expertise on the subject.

Local and federal police seem totally inept in protecting public figures. Killing is becoming an increasingly popular way of silencing those dedicated to social change who cannot be silenced by dismissal, slander or framing.

INSIDE

BRIEFS
FROM HERE
AND
THERE

For today's short course in metropolitan journalism, let us turn to the art and mystery of San Francisco Chronicle editors who handle Drew Pearson's syndicated column. Below, verbatim, is the local material edited out of his May 20 column, presumably as part of the paper's longtime inability to find much amiss with the state's private utilities:

"Following the Pacific Gas and Electric gas pipeline explosion in San Jose, Calif., Director of Utilities Jack Doran reported to the California Public Utilities Commission that he had sent a man to San Jose to investigate pipeline deficiencies.

"What's his name?" asked Commissioner William Bennett.

"I'd rather not give it," Doran replied.

"Is he a Commission employee?" asked Bennett.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Does PG&E know who it is?" asked Bennett.

"Yes."

"Then I want his name," insisted Bennett. "If the utility company we are regulating knows his name, it's a scandal to withhold it from the Commission which hires him."

"However, an objection came from Commissioner Frank Morrissey, who used to be a rate consultant for the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. and was put on the Public Utilities Commission by Gov. Ronald Reagan because he was utility-minded. Morrissey called for a vote. And the Commission, believe it or not, voted 4 to 1 to withhold from itself the name of its own employee who went to San Jose to probe the pipeline explosion. This column can reveal, however, that the investigator's name is Jacob Fredrickson.

"NOTE 1: Last summer, California utility heads appointed a committee to recommend pro-utility men for appointment to the California Public Utilities Commission. They met at Bohemian Grove, most exclusive club of the Far West, and selected the men whom right-wing Gov. Ronald Reagan later appointed. The utility companies, ever since, have been calling the shots on a commission which is supposed to represent the public.

"NOTE 2: PG&E executives recently lobbied with the House Commerce Committee in Washington for a weak gas pipeline safety bill. They succeeded in making the bill much weaker than the Senate version."

(Note: Pearson's Note 1 came from The Guardian's expose of Feb. 16, 1968, detailing how the utilities got together and put up Morrissey, a former PT&T tax consultant, for Reagan's rubber-stamp appointment to the PUC. The New Republic also picked up the story, but no local paper to our knowledge has pursued the story or revealed how Reagan's appointments and his administration's pressures have made a pro-utility commission out of Hiram Johnson's once great consumer-oriented body.

PT&T recently has sent 127 of its first and second level supervisory personnel to help management in the Illinois Bell strike. E. A. King, president of the Communications Workers of America, has made a pertinent demand of the PUC: investigate the disproportionate number in PT&T management that allows it to pack off 127 persons as strikebreakers.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A critical, perhaps fatal, mistake was made early in the California primary campaign by the Sen. McCarthy camp. McCarthy desperately needed an experienced campaign manager. The only top man still at large was Sandy Wiener, who piloted both George Murphy and Pete McCloskey to smashing Republican victories. Wiener was hired one day, fired almost the next, after he let slip to John Keplinger, the Palo Alto Times excellent political reporter, that the McCarthy campaign strategy would link Bobby Kennedy and Jesse Unruh as the bully boys of California politics.

Keplinger used the quote, the wires picked it up and Wiener was out of a job. The reason, The Guardian was told, was because many McCarthy Democrats were willing to take on the White House, but not start more local intra-party feuding.

A 34-year-old student at the College of San Mateo told us this week that he turned down an offer to become a "stringer spy" for the FBI and obtain information from Negro students about a black organization called "US II." John Sullivan, a Navy vet now studying sociology, said FBI agent Roland W. Finley first approached him in January and asked him how he got along with Negro students on campus. "Good," said Sullivan. Then Finley asked him to get names and organizational information from US II members. (USII, said one Negro student, means "us, too," and is composed of all Negro men who "want to be part of America, just like anyone else." US II spokesmen claim theirs is not a secret organization and not as extreme as the Black Panther Party.)

At first Sullivan, a popular and well liked student, made several inquiries about US II on campus. Then suddenly the Negroes became "cold" toward him, he said. "I suddenly realized I was being used.... Frankly, I'm scared," he admits. "When they (the FBI) begin doing things like this, the next thing you know they'll be asking my kids to investigate my activities."

Active in student organizations that work for more Negro history and culture courses and tutoring Negro students, Sullivan said it has taken him several months to rebuild his friendships with them.

Joyous denials notwithstanding, Hubert Humphrey did campaign in the California primary. His representative and chief organizer is Thomas N. Saunders, salaried director of the Lynch "pro-administration" delegation to the Democratic national convention. Saunders, who held high positions in the Brown campaign in 1964 and with Alioto in 1967, didn't run much of a campaign in the normal sense of the word. In fact, his major advertising theme pushed Lynch's crowd as the only delegation supported by all three candidates (RFK, McC, HHH).

'That's what is going to happen and nobody can stop it'

—continued from page 2

The firm was Parsons, Brinckerhoff, Quade & Douglas of New York. This firm built New York City's subway system at the turn of the century. Its management is oriented toward constructing mass rail transit systems that bring commuters into centralized areas.

In the 1953-55 study for a new San Francisco Bay Area Transportation system, Parsons-Brinckerhoff also drew up a master land-use plan. The plan—could you guess it?—was to create a much more densely populated central business district and to pack many more people into it via a mass rail transit system.

When BARTD was being sold to the public in 1962, the newspapers, radio and television stations made it appear that a great civic crusade was taking place to overcome the automobile, freeways, horrifying congestion and air pollution.

Anyone for BARTD was for progress; anyone opposed was an obstructionist. The question that the daily newspapers never allowed to be asked was: What would happen if the Bay Area followed a plan of decentralization, calling for people to live and work in the same community rather than commuting to San Francisco? And for good reason.

If bankers built branch finance centers around the Bay Area instead of piling more into San Francisco itself, if corporations decentralized their headquarters, if symphonies and operas were installed in other communities as they are in Europe—then no massive system like BARTD would be needed. Alternate systems were available that would still get rid of the automobile, freeways and air pollution (which I will discuss later in *The Guardian*).

Of course, many Bay Area citizens who worked for BARTD were crusading against more freeways, parking lots and air pollution—the curses of the automobile. But for campaign leaders who passed a \$792 million bond issue to finance BARTD, it was much more than a civic crusade.

The leaders, bankers and corporate officials of San Francisco were banded together in a private organization called Citizens for



Rapid Transit. It was headed by Moorish of Wells Fargo and Fleishacker of Crocker Citizens and Wente of Bank of America. And the first three high-rise buildings that went up in conjunction with BARTD construction were the Wells Fargo, Bank of America and Crocker Citizens buildings.

As their man to head BARTD's board of directors, the bankers and businessmen chose Adrien Falk, retired vice-president of S & W Fine Foods and past president of the California Chamber of Commerce. (There was no provision in BARTD's charter to select its directors democratically. The board was appointed by local mayors and supervisors in

accordance with the wishes of BARTD's promoters.) Falk held the position for a decade, although he was frequently ill and could not attend meetings. Last year, at 82, he was finally unseated by the directors.

Shortly before Falk was ousted, I called on him at BARTD to ask him whether he thought it was desirable for San Francisco to become Manhattan.

"It's not a question of whether it's desirable," he said. "It's the only practical way. Certain finance, banking industries, want to be centralized, want to have everyone near each other. They don't want to have to go one day to Oakland, the next day to San Jose, the next day to San Francisco."

"What is this, then?" I asked Falk, "a system of, by and for the banking and finance community—or the people of the Bay Area?"

"Well," he replied, "there's also a cultural aspect. You can't have the symphony, the opera, the ball park in every community. The big city is naturally a center to which everyone comes. This is the history of civilization. I believe there is a renaissance of our big cities taking place. BARTD will make it possible to bring all the people in here. The new construction it will generate will be a great improvement for San Francisco."

Construction-generation number one is the Wells Fargo Building, rising into the heavens, darkening the street below, ob-

literating views of the bay for all but its occupants. When I visited an occupant, Roger Lapham, Jr., I found out that Bayard H. Dillingham, president of the firm that built the Wells Fargo

building—the Dillingham Corporation—is on the board of directors of Lapham's firm, Alexander, Sexton & Carr. Dillingham is also taking over the management of North Waterfront Associates, headed by Lapham, to put up the blockbuster International Market Center along Telegraph Hill.

"Is it desirable that we create a city of gigantic skyscrapers like Manhattan, with an underground railroad to serve them?" I asked Lapham.

"It's not a question of whether it's desirable," he said, "but what's the practical matter. As a practical matter, you can't have 18 different banking and insurance centers. You have to concentrate them with all the various services around them. The people who run these centers want all their services, the people they work with—advertisers, attorneys, accountants—around them. It's a complete part of the way we do business in this country."

"Suppose some people in San Francisco don't want their city converted into a Manhattan?" I asked.

"Then let 'em go someplace else," Lapham replied. "But don't keep complaining about it, because that's what is GOING to happen, and nobody can stop it."

Satellite city

That need not be so. A new concept in urban planning, called the "satellite city," abandons the idea of trying to squeeze more business and people into one centralized area, and relocates them instead to new communities.

In these new communities, the emphasis is on total land planning. Residential areas are split up by trees, parks and recreation areas so that you don't have to travel long distances to get back to nature or enjoy some outdoor relaxation. A cultural center is built into the community; you do not have to depend on Falk's concept that only one city can have a symphony and opera so that everybody must come to that city

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This is the first in a series of articles by Burton Wolfe, formerly editor-publisher of *The Californian*, on the little understood political, social and financial implications of BART.

Wolfe, an experienced investigative reporter, spent months analyzing the project. His findings will include: statements by leading transportation experts that BART is obsolete as a fixed rail system, built at the wrong time in the wrong place...financial scandals and conflicts of interest in the allocation of lucrative contracts...

The story of how the voters were fooled about BART's ultimate costs...an accurate estimate of how incredibly large that ultimate cost will be...an advance look at the system and the features, though promised, that have been omitted...a rundown of the few who will and the many who won't be able to use BART...alternate suggestions by planners who want to junk the BART method.

In addition: dissent by experts on Wolfe's point of view, letters pro and con to start a dialogue that never has properly arisen on the enormous regional ramifications of this immense project.

Ann S. Haydock

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We must 'press on'

**The best men are killed.
And the worst men
talk about it on television,
and blame the wrong people.**

—George Stanley

There is a distinct difference between the public response to Bobby Kennedy's assassination and to those of Martin Luther King and President John F. Kennedy.

After Bobby's assassination, a dangerous sense of futility is growing in the land. It is compounded by the worsening war in Viet Nam and the ghettos, by the dismal alternative of Nixon or Humphrey, by talk of a "happy warrior" and "politics of joy" while Saigon is shelled at will, while Dr. Spock undergoes an outrageous trial, cities and universities erupt, war casualties mount and Gen. Westmoreland, leaving the battlefield for the Pentagon, reiterates that attrition is the "way to victory."

Events and attitudes seem to coalesce about the statement of Dr. King's: "There is nothing except a tragic death wish to prevent us from reordering our priorities, so that the pursuit of peace will take precedence over the pursuit of war."

A shot rings out, Reagan grabs the microphone, Johnson announces a hokey assassination commission with Eric Hoffer and Roman "Six Gun" Hruska, the wind catches in the sails behind Nixon and the country lurches further toward the right.

There is but one thing we can do: that is, as Sen. McCarthy

kept telling his followers, to "press on." This is no time to turn tail. The stakes are higher than ever: the great wave of hope after New Hampshire, after McCarthy's gallant fight, after Kennedy's dramatic decision to take on the man and the policies of his brother's vice-president after Johnson's capitulation, must not be allowed to die.

The stakes are higher than ever: Bobby's assassination is in many ways a culmination of the tragic events which began after his brother's death and the coming to pass of King's death wish. The tide must be turned and turned quickly.

(Perhaps it started to turn seconds after Kennedy toppled in the Ambassador Hotel kitchen, and the Mutual News broadcaster yelled, for the world to hear, "Hold him, Rafer. Hold him. We don't want another Oswald." And Rafer Johnson and Roosevelt Grier, two of the biggest blacks around, subdued the assassin, grabbed his pistol and helped hustle him to safety through an angry mob and into custody.)

The great wave of hope and liberal resurgence after New Hampshire, after McCarthy's gallant fight, after Kennedy's dramatic decision to take on the man and policies of his brother's former vice-president, after Johnson's capitulation, must not be allowed to die.

The movement and momentum gathering behind McCarthy and Kennedy, at the grassroots

and at the peaks, can be turned to enormous political advantage if McCarthy keeps up the battle (he must) and if those behind Kennedy get behind McCarthy, even if enthusiasm is lacking, in recognition that this is the only honorable battle station left.

In this unpredictable campaign, there still is much time and much chance for McCarthy to put together the delegates and the muscle to strongly challenge Humphrey at the convention. If he loses, the coalition can still exert enormous leverage on Humphrey, on the campaign and on the next President.

There really is little alternative for the Kennedy partisans if they are to stand by their man in death as they did in life. For despite their differences in personality and style, McCarthy and Kennedy were working to end the war and right our priorities and end the violence.

For the violence will never end as long as the United States of America is officially and totally engaged abroad, day by day, night by night, in the violence of the wrong war, at the wrong time, in the wrong place.

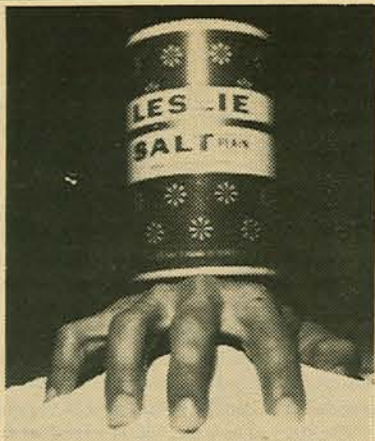
And as long as those who burn, shoot, steal and inflame our cities feel they have a better cause than the U.S. armed forces in Viet Nam who search and destroy, use napalm, level villages and drop more bombs onto a rural people than were used in World War II.

Salt, please

In Redwood City, The Guardian has been saying for months, the public interest has become almost synonymous with Leslie Salt Co.

City Council members sit as directors of a special public district that is helping to finance Leslie's huge private development in the baylands, Redwood Shores. Howard Ullrich, Redwood City manager, often stumps for Leslie before public and private groups. A former city attorney, Richard E. Gardella, was pressured from his post after he became critical of concessions the city was making to Leslie and its most famous tenant, ABC's Marineworld project.

Nobody in city government made a peep when Leslie literally stole a chunk of valuable sloughland for its project in a title hocus pocus. The Redwood City Tribune is solicitous of Leslie to the point that it rarely publishes a critical or even investigative story unless it appears in



the locally aggressive San Jose Mercury News.

Now comes the ultimate in lovey dovey between Leslie and Redwood City: Leslie's public relations firm is releasing Redwood Shores publicity on city hall stationery and envelopes.

A recent press release on Shores, issued by City Manager Howard Ullrich from city hall, was written, prepared and distributed by Whittaker and Baxter, Leslie's high-powered public relations firm.

Operation Flintstone

A spiffy new junior college in the deep Peninsula, De Anza Junior College in Cupertino, put out for a moment this spring its first student literary magazine, "Inscape."

Normally, this would neither make Herb Caen leap nor pull Charles McCabe from the bar rail, but this edition contained an anti-war story, written by a combat veteran, set in Vietnam and carrying a crisp four-letter swear word by a soldier under fire.

Peninsula vigilantes were down the poles like firemen and the soft padding of tennis shoes could be heard at night about the mailboxes in Woodside, Portola Valley and Los Altos. Before the week was out, De Anza had received dozens of complaints and the superintendent of the junior college district, Calvin Flint by name, was buckling visibly and audibly.

He summarily withdrew "Inscape" from sale. His justification: an ancient teacher's code provision admonishing California teachers to discourage students from smoking, drinking, swearing and frequenting pool halls.

Not to be twice stung, Flint stopped the presses on Foothill's literary magazine--due to surface only a few days after De Anza's. Flint and his Flintstones struck from the Foothill magazine the four-letter word beginning with f---, substituted the five letter synonym sc---, then used the word "crap" for every sh--- that appeared. Mission completed, he triumphantly announced to the San Jose press

George Gardiner



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Since it soon became clear that "Inscape" was attacked for the anti-war tenor of several stories and poems, since the attack was disguised as a crusade against alleged profanity, the issue was vital for De Anza students and faculty.

Not only was academic free speech at stake, but the public determination whether De Anza and Foothill Junior Colleges were to be high schools in full dress and glory or college-level institutions where writing is taken seriously, students treated as

adults and faculty accorded proper authority.

The De Anza faculty senate voted to release "Inscape" for sale. Petitions were circulated. Many faculty members, student leaders and writers appeared at the trustees' meeting to urge release of the magazine and to be done with the silly business.

Trustees listened politely, then referred the matter to a committee until next fall. "Inscape" remains safely in custody till then. After all, things have not changed that much in junior college education in California.

Short take

The man who labeled as "neo-fascist" demonstrators at the Fairmont Hotel and in the Haight-Ashbury rumbles, who backed up the police without audible qualification, in defiance of dissenting evidence from more disinterested quarters, now has called Terence Hallinan a "right-wing attorney" after his bloody confrontation with police at SF State. His insulting remarks about Hallinan and his family also were prejudicial

to the court determination of who hit who and with what provocation.

Joe Alioto is the mayor and he's an attorney and he ought to know better. Perhaps we are beginning to see more clearly the Achilles heel of this remarkable man who has the power, the ability and the drive to become a great mayor. First, he has to learn to make the proper distinctions.

THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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William Kelsay, Theodore Rasmussen

To the editor:
Dear

To the editor:
Dear

Dear
Dear sir:

To the editor:
Dear

To the editor:
Dear

To the editor:
Dear

To the editor:

Although I have always been somewhat suspicious of the Candlestick Park transaction, Burton Wolfe's article in your May 15th issue did nothing to confirm my suspicions. He wrote Candlestick cost seven million dollars (pg. 1, col 4), that ten and one-half million dollars in bonds were issued to pay for it (pg 6, col 1).

His figures indicate an annual interest obligation of \$395,000 (pg 6, col 1). He reported the City receives \$450,000 per year from rent, advertising and parking (pg 6, col 3). This would seem to net \$55,000 yearly to the City. However, he mentions \$50,000 maintenance costs (pg 6, col 3); so I suppose the net would be \$5,000.

On page 10, column 2, he adds 4.1 million dollars to the stadium cost by allocating to the original 7 million the cost of street improvements, road improvements and sewer installations. Thus his total estimated cost would be 11.1 million dollars, .6 million over the bond issue.

However, I am not so sure some portion of this additional 4.1 million, perhaps .6 million, should not be allocated to the neighborhood rather than to the stadium. People do live out there, stadium or no stadium, and are entitled to City service. If so, the cost would fall within the amount of bond issues and the City would be netting at least \$5,000 every year on the transaction.

Do not misunderstand. I am asking, not arguing. As I pointed out at the beginning, I have been somewhat sceptical of the whole deal. However, it does not seem to me that the data in Mr. Wolfe's article prove anything, except that Charles Harney made a remarkable profit.

Nicholas Alaga
San Francisco Attorney

Editor's note: The 1958 grand jury report which, on rereading in 1968 seems accurate, estimated

annual payments on Candlestick bonds at \$990,000 for the first 15 years of the debt period. Against that, the city was to draw \$125,000 a year in rent from the Giants and \$225,000 a year from advertising and parking revenues, leaving a balance of \$640,000 to be paid annually from taxes or city funds.

The city admits to a Candlestick loss this year of at least \$360,000, but The Guardian found it difficult to get precise figures from the city controller and Mike Barrett, the Bank of America executive who handles Stadium Inc.'s trustee account.

These losses were incurred for a stadium now adjudged so deficient, 10 years later, that it must be improved--estimated cost: \$10 million--or torn down and rebuilt South of Market--estimated cost: \$42 million.

Note: the same blur and haze on Candlestick financing and losses have settled in on both the improving and rebuilding schemes.

To the editor:

Congratulations on your revealing article The Candlestick Swindle.

I might also add that we would like, very much, to see a sequel to the Candlestick Swindle, revolving around "Mr. Big" directing his political lackeys from his ivory tower atop Nob Hill, and including the Golden Gateway, Yerba Buena Sports Center and the Davis Street Station.

In fact, speaking of redevelopment (Urban Renewal), the swindles, conflicts of interest, irregularities and abuses carried on in the name of progress make the Candlestick swindle look like petty larceny by comparison. Why not an article on Redevelopment administration expenses, F.H.A. appraisals, 90 and 100%

financing, awarding of sites, subsidies for promoters, Moderate Priced Private (relocation) Housing, preferential property tax assessments, the cruel hoax of relocation, land grabs, and pretended Community support for St. Francis Square.

Jack Bartolini
President, Responsible
Merchants, Property
Owners and Tenants Inc.

To the editor:

I note in your issue of 14 May 1968 that Rexroth is sloshing out the baby with the bathwater again. "Shut down the whole shebang!" he screams, "Devastating results!" This dreamer is preparing the way for the likes of George Wallace. And what will George do with Kenny the uncanny? Kaput!

Sam Neiken, M.D.
San Francisco

To the editor:

I have been a strong fan of The Bay Guardian. I must say however, that I object to the growing irresponsibility of Kenneth Rexroth as typified by his article in the April 5 edition. I seriously believe that it tends to lower the high quality of the paper.

John Hirten
Executive Director
SPUR

To the editor:

Although I am not an uncritical admirer of everything that appears in your paper, I must say that your editorial on the resignation of John Summerskill ("Our latest dropout," Feb. 28, 1968) was without doubt the most penetrating and honest comment made on that situation.

Joseph E. Illick
Associate professor of history,
San Francisco State

Editor's note: The Guardian criticized Summerskill as "a classroom liberal" with the virtues of intellect, personality and outlook, but without the courage or stamina or political sophistication to fight the good fight. Our conclusion: "The concept of college administration by dialogue and goodwill, we are sorry to report, must be suspended for the duration." After Ethiopia and AFROTC, we still say so.

To the editor:

I note with some surprise your interesting and entertaining account of the inside operations of the Sunday Punch section of The Chronicle (Inside column, Bay Guardian, April 5).

You may recall the circumstances. James Reston had written a column praising (among other things) Nelson Rockefeller's decision to run for president. The Sunday Punch carried the column. But as the presses were running, Nelson Rockefeller announced that he would not run.

Then, your inside account relates, "So's not to look any more foolish than usual, the SF Printco cartel decided to destroy that entire first edition of the Punch, re-plate and get the story straight on Rocky."

These events gave your columnist "dark satisfaction".

Perhaps he might get even more "dark satisfaction" from an inside inside account of what happened.

It was Thursday, March 28. I was in the composing room, making minor repairs to the Sunday Punch section. Stan Arnold, the Sunday and Features editor, came out and said, "Hey, Rocky's decided not to run." I do not recall what I said, though in all probability it was "oh shit," or words to that effect.

Then I changed Reston's column to eliminate the references to Rockefeller.

I don't recall discussing this with any person in the employ of the San Francisco Newspaper Printing Company (Printco), except with the printer who made the actual corrections. Perhaps he was a member of some cartel; if so he looked innocent enough.

Nor were any editions of the Punch destroyed. I saw one the other day. The fish & chips I bought were wrapped in it, much to my chagrin.

Please keep me informed of any more machinations of these evil cartel moguls. I get dark satisfaction from reading about them.

Carl Nolte
Editor, Sunday
Punch section

To the editor:

Re Vol 2, No. 10:

"while Robert Kennedy now rides the crest of a civil rights momentum his late brother helped to start."

--Printer L. Bowler

Baloney.

JFK was right out of old Paternalism U., and until they unleashed the dogs at Birmingham, his administration didn't do a blessed thing for three years. The significant civil rights bills later enacted were first sponsored by young members of the House like Lindsay, Conte and Reid. It was, for the most part, a Republican effort.

"I never got anybody out ever again." --Gideon E. Forsythe

To hell. And it's plain to see why. I once told Bert Brecht about the endless articles about the dullness of baseball that began to appear in dying one newspaper towns and he said, "First the pork chops--then morality."

William Claire
Publisher, Voyages

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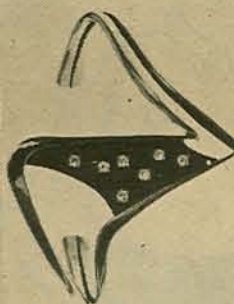
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By Ivan Sharpe

Editor's note: Ivan Sharpe, for many years a reporter and layout editor on daily newspapers in England, has worked close to the violence of American life for four years in covering police, courts and demonstrations for newspapers in Houston, Tex., and San Francisco.

In the four years since I came ashore one foggy morning in New York, I have shared with many Americans the growing conviction that something is very wrong in this great nation.

This conviction did not come suddenly upon me. At first, there is much to bedazzle the newcomer from Europe.

The casual affluence, the financial freedom of most families to pursue culture and recreation, the ubiquitous freeways, the skyscrapers sprouting with the speed of growing corn, the impressive dedication to business efficiency, the virtual absence of working class feeling—it all left me somewhat breathless and admiring.

Here was a united land, proud of its achievements, eager to take on the troubles and poverty of the world, convinced in its inexperienced way that might is right, imperious and condescending to once-powerful and increas-

ingly isolationist Europe.

It was a heady transition from a Britain beset by financial problems and torn by class warfare.

But today? My American friends talk of fleeing the country; one is leaving shortly for Britain, uncertain of a job, but certain civilization is not on this side of the Atlantic.

Hate, fear, paranoic obsession: these are the dominant feelings. Almost every group and class think they are under attack.

I see the hate and anger in the Negroes' increasing insistence on a separate black nation, in all-black institutions and government, in many whites' pathetic cry for more police action, in the need to meet violence with violence.

Sirhans everywhere

If Americans think that Robert Kennedy's and Martin Luther King's murders were isolated, freakish acts, they are deluding themselves.

If it hadn't been one man who gunned down the brilliant senator from New York for political reasons, it very possibly could have been another.

Consider the incredible scene in a San Francisco newspaper's editorial room as the stunned staff scrutinized the fragmentary bulletins from Los Angeles.

A print shop worker strolled into the room and loudly pro-

claimed that he was only sorry that Kennedy had not been killed outright.

The paroxysm of hate and anger that his pronouncement carried was illuminating.

Poisoned pie

"Violence," said Negro militant H. Rap Brown last year, "is as American as cherry pie."

He is right. In the urge for simple, quick solutions, many Americans feel they have a right

tal of America where I worked for 18 months, there was an appalling slaughter among squabbling couples in bars.

The most common weapon that people casually carried on them was a \$9 foreign-made pistol that police called a "Saturday night special."

I was incredulous to see the murder total in Houston with a 1.5 million population surpass by July the total number of mur-

gun in Britain must face searching police questions as to his motives. It is not enough to say that one is required for self-defense.

The result is a saner and safer society, in which even the police do not feel the need to go about armed. The police argue that if they arm, criminals will arm, too.

Of course, there are still bank holdups and robberies, but criminals know that if they resort to guns, they will be hunted more relentlessly and their punishment will be more severe.

Safer without guns

It is a truce which, although scoffed at in America, nevertheless works. And families feel safer by not having guns in their homes.

Finally, even more important, America needs to find a sense of humor and laugh at itself.

When Stokely Carmichael sneers at all honkies, when Max Rafferty trumpets of corruption and decay, laugh, laugh, if you don't agree with them.

Humor, as Britain discovered during the Nazi blitz, also can be a powerful weapon. Hitler was furious at Britain's ridicule of him, at the high morale of its people.

Nothing disconcerts and cools a demagogue more than the refusal to take him seriously.

Why hasn't America learned its lesson?

to kill each other.

How utterly incomprehensible then that Americans cling to the right to bear arms. It is not an argument to say that an assassin will find a gun or knife somewhere.

It is the very availability of weapons that encourages their use in a moment of anger, rather than an old-fashioned punch in the nose.

Albee with guns

In Houston, the murder capi-

ders in Britain, with its 50 million people, the previous year.

I was aghast at the Texas law that allows a woman to kill her spouse, if caught in passionate embrace with another woman, without even being charged.

Ban hand guns?

Surely there is an urgent need, despite political lobbying of the National Rifle Association, to ban the possession of hand guns as in Britain.

Anyone who wishes to own a

San Bruno Mountain: "Going, going..."

—continued from page 3

eration since the Pyramids.

The page 3 display of pictures makes the point: bulldozers and scoops would excavate the rock from the ridge and terrace the hills a la the scavengers at Candlestick; giant crushers will process the material; the results will be moved on a conveyor belt down the mountain, across the Bayshore Freeway and onto barges; the barges would swiftly unload fill from two sections into fill projects anywhere at bayside.

The report said the "possible total of potential fill" markets for bayfill projects would total 240,000,000 cubic yards—many times over the amount of fill used to obliterate one-fourth of

the bay in the past 100 years. (An earlier report, prepared by the Foster City engineering firm of Wilsey, Ham & Blair, stated that more than a billion cubic yards could be obtained from San Bruno Mountain.)

Unbelievable?

Unbelievable? This is only the start. For the Crocker/Rockefeller/Ideal combine is incorporated (title: formerly Pacific Air Commerce Center, now Westbay Community Associates) to do in effect two things:

(1) open up San Bruno Mountain as a massive source of cheap and accessible fill for all future bayfill projects everywhere; (2) use the cheap fill for its own

gigantic bayfill project, a huge commercial/industrial center, that would fill some 30-square miles of tidelands and open water from Hunter's Point in San Francisco to Coyote Point south of SF International Airport.

Atkinson has provided the engineering plans to accomplish these corporate objectives.

"This general management," the report concludes, "provides maximum flexibility for the entire program and opens up the possibility of filling any site adjacent to San Francisco Bay from this source..."

"All in all, it appears that this would provide a practicable, flexible system that could be adapted to practically any later decisions on site development on San Bruno Mountain or at any embankment site around the Bay."

It's all very tidy. Crocker provides the fill and 600 acres of mountaintop. Ideal Cement (now doing business, symbolically, as Ideal Basic Industries) puts up the 10,000 or so acres of open water it claims from the airport to the Dumbarton Bridge off Palo Alto (many of which, I charged Jan. 20, 1967 in the Guardian, are fraudulent), and Rockefeller supplies the capital and one of the smoothest trouble-shooters in the business, Warren Lindquist. He divides his time between Rockefeller West on the SF waterfront and Westbay on the mountaintop.

Westbay's announced proposal: to develop a 4,700-acre, airport-oriented "city in the bay" in open water between the air-

port and the San Mateo-Hayward Bridge. The unannounced prospects: further development, hinted in a handsome promotional brochure, along a serpentine strip Ideal claims that arches south to the Dumbarton Bridge.

The result: vast obliteration of open water in the South Bay and vast destruction of San Bruno Mountain, the only accessible source of cheap fill of this magnitude no matter what Westbay officials say, as they now are saying, about alternate sources. There aren't any alternate sources for projects like this.

Morton's denials, at the same time Crocker and Westbay were considering massive excavation and filling, was typical: Crocker is very secretive, often evasive, about what it is planning to do with its critically strategic chunk of 3,600 acres (600 Westbay, 3,000 Crocker) that divide San Francisco from San Mateo County. Rockefeller, Ideal and Westbay are little more enlightening.

When I checked with Crocker and Westbay officials about the Atkinson excavation report, all downplayed the projected excavation and filling that the report so eloquently and conclusively confirmed. It was outdated, Atkinson was out of the picture, a new engineering firm in Boston was making new plans that "would as much as possible preserve the existing profile of the mountain" with steep slope residences. There's nothing to worry about.

The fact is, however, that only the Bay Conservation and

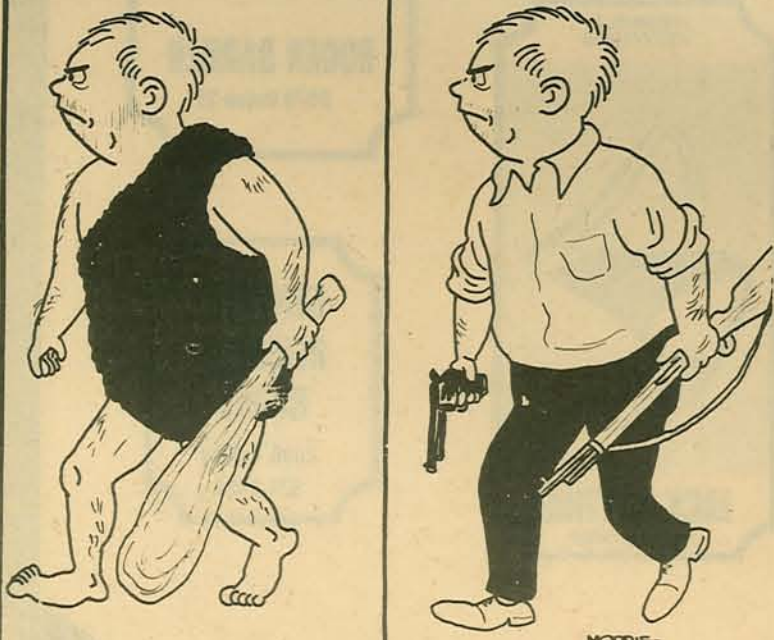
Development Commission (BCDC), with its power to control bay fill, has kept Crocker/Westbay plans from rocketing forward. Stiff conservation opposition did arise in San Mateo County, but it would never have been enough to force Westbay to break stride if it weren't for BCDC leverage.

Still, the plans are very much alive. Wilsey, Ham & Blair is doing more planning. Lindquist is pulling lapels and burnishing doorknobs in San Mateo County. Westbay is applying muscle in the backrooms in Sacramento to gut legislation that would perpetuate the BCDC, now an interim state commission.

Westbay means business and, if BCDC powers are allowed to expire or it can pierce the prevailing political clouds, its agents will be out of the chutes like broncos.

Meanwhile, Crocker stealthily plans a high-density residential/commercial development for the remaining 3,000 acres of its San Bruno estate. The Bechtel Corporation made the mistake of displaying a photograph of its development model for the site in a house organ. The plan was promptly picked up by an alert conservationist and sped to the Burlingame Advance-Star.

Once the plan reached public domain, Crocker again reverted to its unassailable line of defense as Baron of the Crag: it jerked the plan into the eucalyptus trees and announced to all comers that it was on the shelf and another plan was in the works. No need to worry.



An angry night, when all the evil spirits came out

By William Anderson

"The cat came and picked me up about 12:30. As we were riding towards the Tenderloin, we heard over the radio that Kennedy had been shot. And he'd been shot through the head. It was a terrible night. The fog was grey and it was creeping over everything. I went inside to find the bartender huddled over the bar. All the girls were quiet. Everything was quieter than usual. The doorman came in. He told us he didn't want any girls on the street tonight. We usually would go up and try to hustle the customers inside.

"It was a dead night. All the worms had come out from underneath the ground. The junkies, the streetwalkers. They were all looking.

"There was a drunk across the street. He was dead, lying face down. The fog was cold and wet. It was an angry night. It was like Christ when the ground opened up and all the evil spirits came out. Roaming through the world."

—verbatim interview with cocktail waitress in the Tenderloin

Indeed, in many ways the murder of Robert Kennedy, after the assassinations of John Kennedy and Martin Luther King, seems like the climax of an ugly literary prophecy. Sometimes spiritual and emotional horror take physical forms.

In Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" it was lions and ghosts and blood in the streets. Today we have blood, and threaten to have more. We don't believe in ghosts these days. Maybe there are lions in the streets, but let them get their ID's and take their chances like anybody else.

It isn't enough, however, just to draw literary parallels to the situation today. It would be a lot more satisfying to clean this mess up.

We black people been trying to get off the plantation for a long time now, and some of us are even willing to burn down our own quarters in order to get straight--economically, and in our souls.

But even the white folks are in trouble. They're developing their own civilian rest and recuperation centers in the Haight-Ashbury, in Berkeley, in the East Village and other places.

Of course, if you look at television, you still get the same old picture. The situation comedy show "Hazel" is a good example.

Hazel is a white maid. Thank God. She works for a family that has these kids. The kids act like they halfway want to be hippies. But Hazel and their parents decide to shame the kids. The husband has a fake beard; Hazel and wife dance around the house. They pretend to like rock.

These actions shame the kids out of their hippie attitudes because of course nobody wants his parents to be hippies. Well, if you kids don't want your parents to be hippies, then you can understand why your parents don't want YOU to be hippies.

So they get haircuts, including for all I know the women, and everybody is crewcut again.

Don't they wish.

Such fantasies about the harmlessness of the relations between the old and the young are one thing. A more serious delusion is that of full participation for working people in this economic society.

A recent Commerce Department survey shows that probably between 20 and 25 million people--white, black, yellow, red, brown--still lived in downright poverty at the end of 1966. That is a lot better than it was 10 years ago. I suppose.

However, in addition to the people in poverty, there are more millions of people who aren't much better off than they have ever been. I call this class the working poor. It includes many more people than we immediately think.

Black people live there. In the ghetto, the working poor include the youths who, if they're lucky, have a lifelong series of short, bad jobs. The black janitor who holds two jobs so his family can just get by belongs to this class. Such blacks, as

well as the white worker who faces money disaster if he gets sick or hurt for more than a month or so--these are the working poor. They don't make a down payment on houses. Not on \$80 a week take home. They don't put their kids through college. Horatio Alger is a liar.

Being included out is strong medicine. It could lead to basic social change, as the French show us--even if their present struggle fails.

I never would have believed it. France, brought to the edge of collapse, without excessive bloodshed, in spite of the whole industrial apparatus.

Of course, it isn't so easy to get basic change as all that, even when there's plenty of reason. First you have to know you need basic change, then you have to face it. Many Americans, unemployed, working poor, middle class, can't face it. The very fear and frustration that ought to produce change often work, unnaturally, to prevent it.

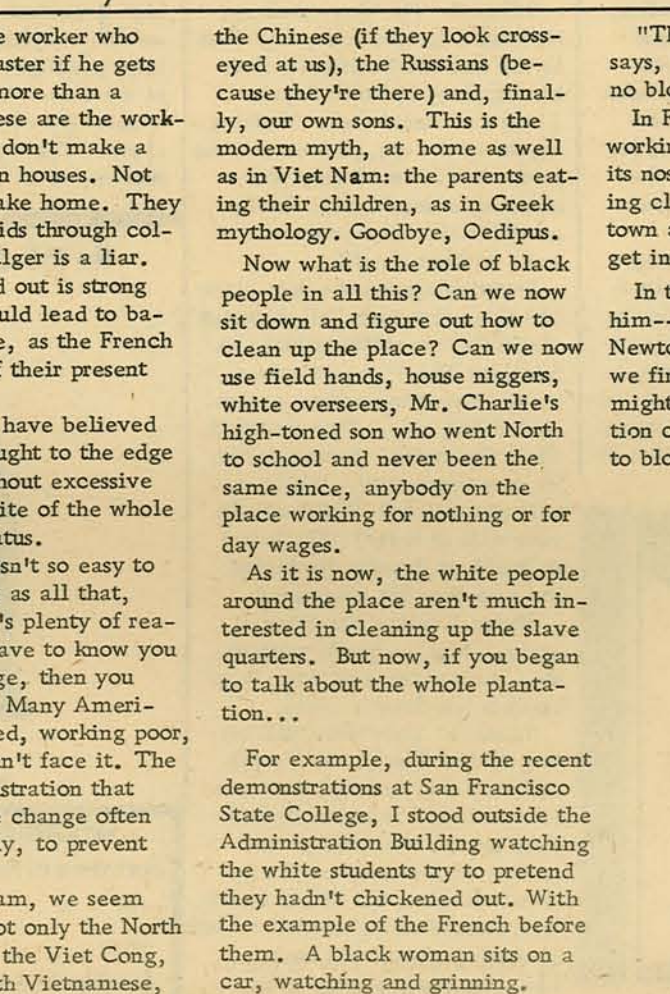
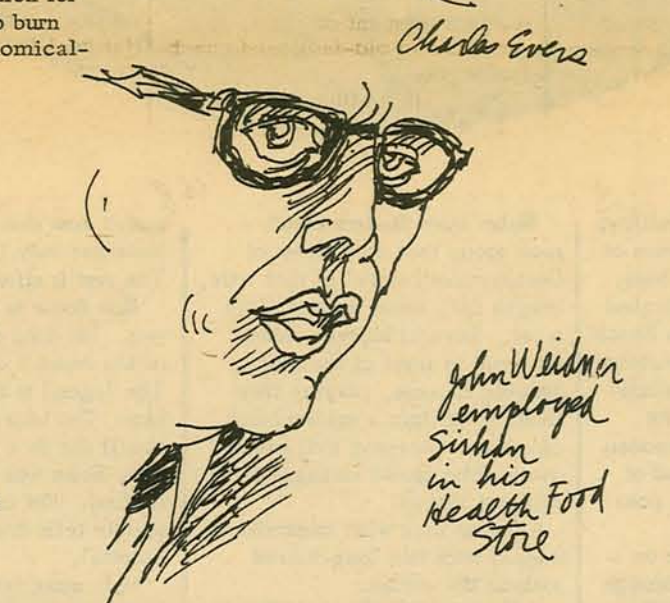
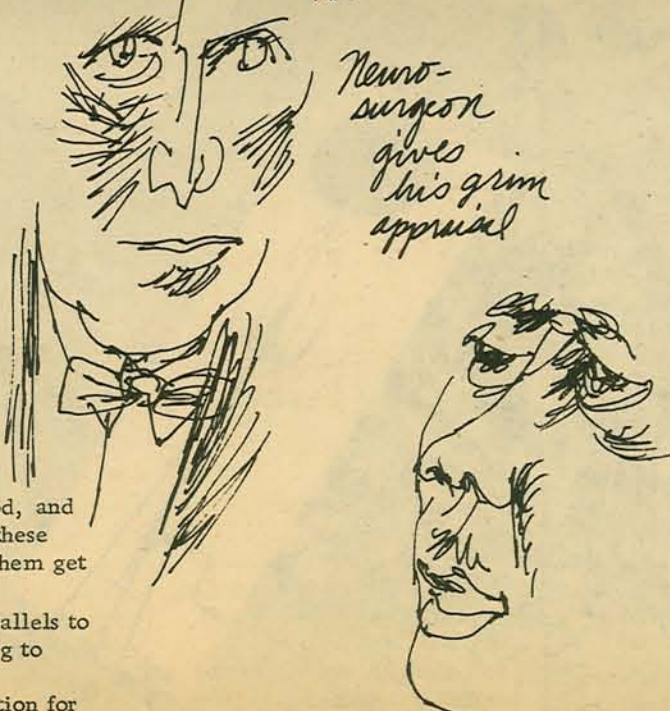
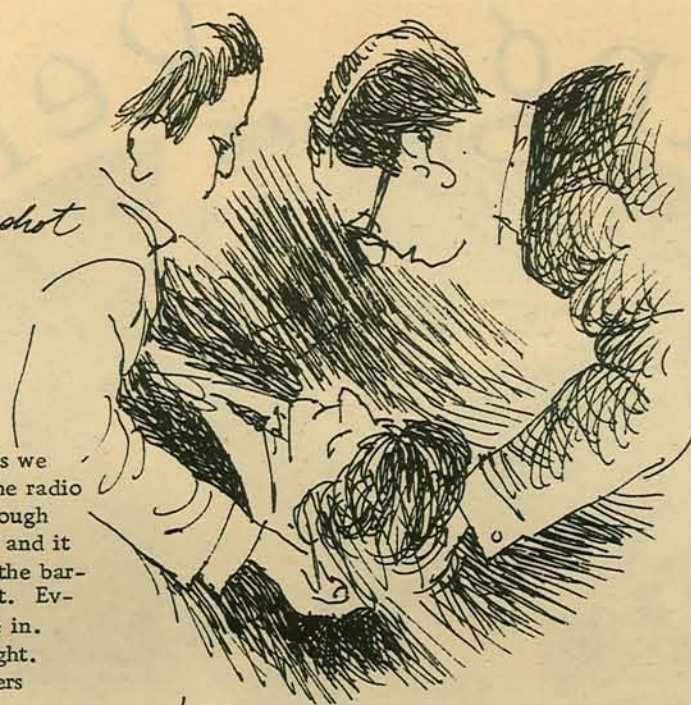
So, in Viet Nam, we seem willing to kill not only the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong, but also the South Vietnamese,

the Chinese (if they look cross-eyed at us), the Russians (because they're there) and, finally, our own sons. This is the modern myth, at home as well as in Viet Nam: the parents eating their children, as in Greek mythology. Goodbye, Oedipus.

Now what is the role of black people in all this? Can we now sit down and figure out how to clean up the place? Can we now use field hands, house niggers, white overseers, Mr. Charlie's high-toned son who went North to school and never been the same since, anybody on the place working for nothing or for day wages.

As it is now, the white people around the place aren't much interested in cleaning up the slave quarters. But now, if you began to talk about the whole plantation...

For example, during the recent demonstrations at San Francisco State College, I stood outside the Administration Building watching the white students try to pretend they hadn't chickened out. With the example of the French before them. A black woman sits on a car, watching and grinning.



San Francisco

June 5 1968

The radio says he may never be able to use his mind again, the brain was starved of too much oxygen, key arteries were severed. This is only speculation. I walk through the Panhandle toward my car, the air's not good here, haze, but the sun shines inside it.

Sifting through the trees. Even if he recovers there will always be a question about his brain, someone is saying from a park bench. I come to my car and turn on the motor and radio. "MacArthur Park." Switch to a network station. News of the elections-- "...outspoken conservative, whipped the incumbent, the assistant minority leader..." The young Negro men ease through the park, having no job to go to. They propositioned the hippie girls for a while, "You're the Love generation," they'd taunt on Haight Street, "how about showing some Love?" Now they are growing out their naturals and sitting in little circles with the white girls in the loose dresses, spread over the long green lawns. This sun may not last but it feels good now.

"...blood on the floor, I'm sure he's dead...blood all over his head..." I have a convertible.

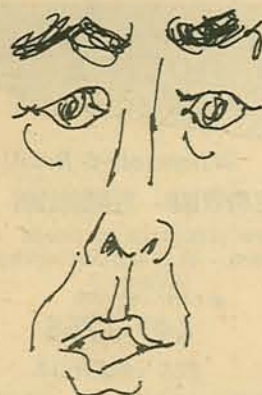
You turn a little knob and the top folds back and then you snap a cover over it, roll down the windows and breathe the sky. I love to do this in Montana, high on the mountains, wider than Michoacan marijuana. I have a little marijuana in my pocket, not the best but smooth. A lid costs about ten dollars when the prices are low.

But I hear the market's tight. Busts at the Mexico border. Burning the fields around Ensenada. The word

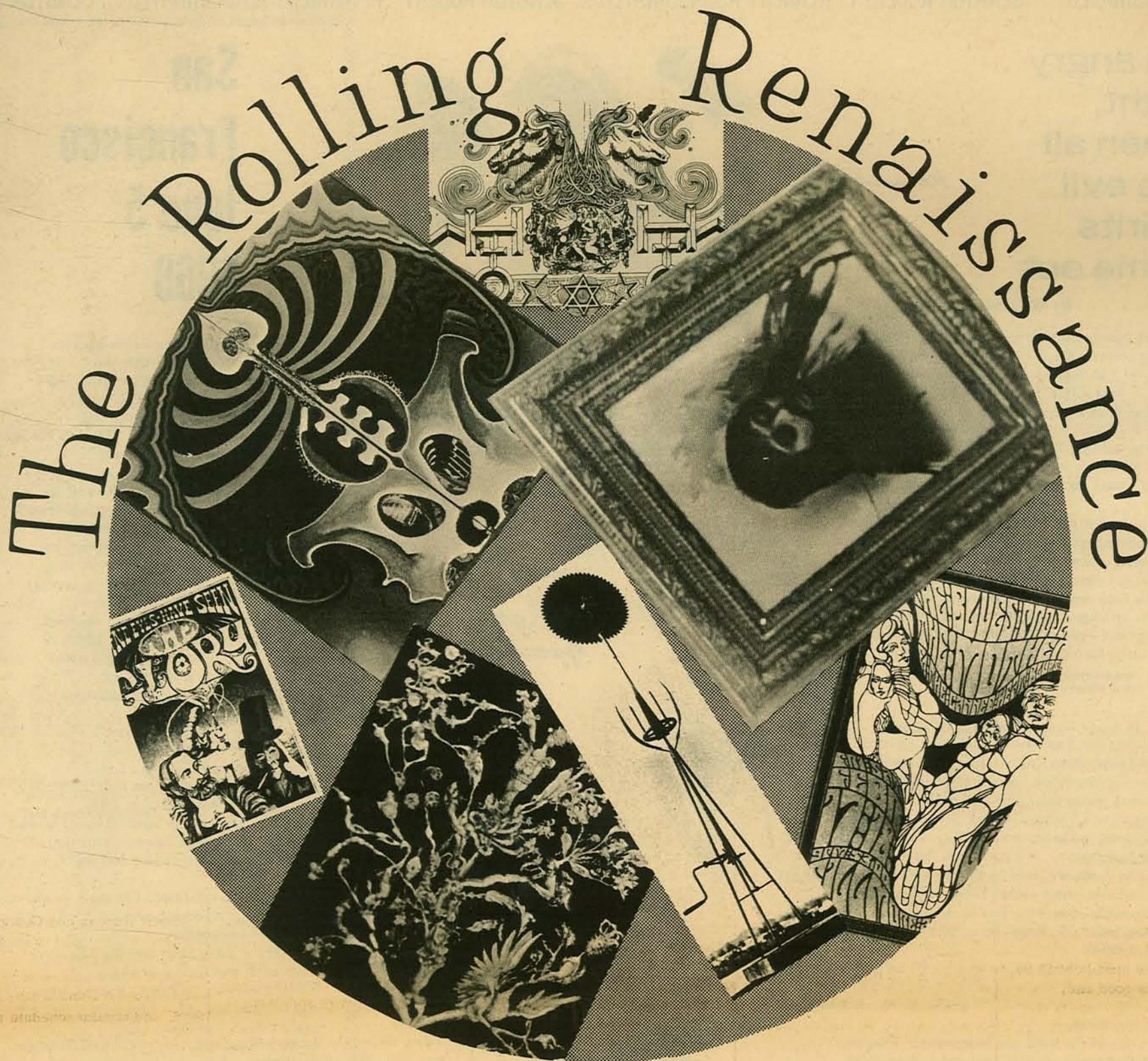
filters through in mysterious ways, but this morning I am convinced everyone heard it. **Wilbur Wood**



Mrs. Martin Luther King



We are no longer a pioneer society committed to gun-carrying for protection Sen. McCarthy



By Wilbur Wood

They call it the Rolling Renaissance. It's a look over the shoulder at what the Beat era produced, a look ahead at what the Hippie era may come to.

The sun is kind to everyone on the West Coast, and that includes artists, poets, musicians. But there is a shadow over everything. It's a strange time for an artist to surface, seeing the sun, but standing inside the shadow of violence and insanity.

We walk very fast these days, trying to stay ahead of the radio. Who will be shot next? Even artists are not immune. In New York a woman shot Andy Warhol recently. He has too much power over my life, she said. It reads like a melodrama, but it happened.

History today is instant, and it holds more surprises than Art, even instant Art. It's hard to put History into Art and it's impossible not to. So our Renaissance is also a Wake. This is my fast walk through the Wake. You have all June to walk more slowly through it, if there is time.

Scene 1: The Cellini Gallery, across from the S.F. Museum of Art, McAllister near Van Ness. Opening night for the "Elevated Underground" show, North Beach artists from the 50s. Downstairs is a posh store that sells beautiful, cold slabs of marble for table tops; upstairs is a wooden loft, stark lighting, gallons of chablis wine, paper cups, pour your own.

Two giant eyes, gravitate on a white background, stare through the smoke and talk. J. DeFeo, 1958, says the label. Glance once: they are just eyes, you shrug, look away. Glance back again because you feel them following you. The eyes of Big Brother? Or are they only the eyes of the artist's cat? You're not sure it matters.

The mind moves on through the rest, glancing twice, three times at some, finding a few to stare into: "Example 1: Laying a Standard," done by the artist Jess in 1959; a semi-abstract "ed-up" by James Monte, two apparitions in a lingering embrace; a couple others.

Notes from Underground, a rock group that may know of Dostoyevsky's novel of that title, maybe not, tunes up and plays a set. Several hippies crouch on a rug in front of the group, burning incense, playing tiny instruments into a microphone, chanting. Keeping evil spirits away. The crowd arranges itself and listens.

A young man with mustache dances with two long-haired girls in the corner.

Scene 2: The Quay Gallery, Number 2 Jerome Alley is a dent in the wall off Pacific St. near Montgomery in North Beach. There's no street sign. Walking in, out of the sun, you see a white room with 20 or 30 gray pots standing unassuming, firmly, on white-shrouded pedestals. A wake without a coffin.

Browsing among the pots--two and three feet high, all different shapes, a few subtly colored, a few with little "imperfections," knobs resembling noses, gouges resembling eyes. Disconcerting. Then you smile. Every pot has its own personality. Which one will you talk to? Which one is your wife or lover? Which one is President Johnson displaying the scar from his operation?

"Peter Voulkos has done it again," says my pretty companion. She's a ceramist, too. Peter Voulkos has done it again.

Scene 3: They were still setting up the show at the Vorpall Gallery, 1168 Battery, but some of Ron Boise's metal sculptures were up. A yard-tall grandmother with glasses and a cigarette dangling out of her mouth, arms crossed across her glum breasts as she leans back and looks at you. She was probably a Buick

once, now she is naked and we have her only from the waist up. The rest is silence.

Ron Boise is very literal. Or was. He died of a rare disease of the heart a couple years ago. The legend is that a doctor told him: Get into the hospital or you'll die in a week. Screw you, Boise was supposed to have replied. But one of the Vorpall people tells me Boise died in the hospital.

He's most famous for his foot-high depictions of a man and a woman coupling in various athletic positions, as recommended in the Kama Sutra. Western technology weds Eastern technique. The result is technical success, as in the sex manuals:

orgasm guaranteed to all who go by the book.

But something seems to be missing. As something seems to be missing in a Warhol canvas depicting a soup can. We make very good soup cans here in America. We make very good orgasms, I suppose. Or we want to. We want to.

Scene 4: I'm not sure what kind of love we make, but the Love generation has its makers. Mostly they make music and do posters advertising the music. And smoke marijuana and take LSD. And form communes.

One such commune calls itself the 25th Century Ensemble. It lives somewhere in the Santa

—continued on page 11

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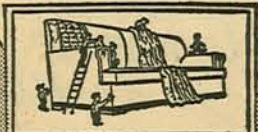
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Renaissance or wake?

—continued from page 10
Cruz mountains, south of the city. It surfaces in the cellar of the Moore Galleries, Sutter near Powell; a little room that becomes a luminescent world.

A sinuous, globulous sculpture curls over a block in the middle of the room; colored lights click silently off and on inside it. Paintings and cartoons line the walls, vibrating, some abstract, some realistic. One canvas shows a fat woman grinning under a large bonnet on which the faces of the Beatles are pasted; a light plug is in the lower left corner. Turn on, the 25th Century is saying. Everyone, they claim in an announcement about themselves, lives in heaven, which is the 25th Century. All we have to do is realize it, then go there. Live together, be happy.

Upstairs are more structures and paintings. Tony Owen is a painter who lives at least part of the time in the Renaissance. The first one. His paintings use the Old Master's tricks—flat but vibrant colors, detailed background adding depth. But his images are surrealistic.

A lady sits by a castle window, the floor chipping away beneath her, a dragon at her feet, a submarine flying by outside, over a pastoral landscape. He does not invent so much that you cannot discover the ambiguous elements in his work, and discover his mind, which is subtle.

Gallery director John Paine calls this the Second Joint Show, there are rock dance posters, intricately worked out "psychedelic" paintings, collages. It is better than the First Joint Show, and that was a good one.

Wander by. Citizens of the 25th Century may be there, as they were one recent evening, sitting among their structures, playing little instruments, bells, woodblocks, luring tourists from Iowa, local businessmen, hippies into their heaven for a little while. Encouraging. A gal-



San Francisco poet Robert Duncan at home. Photo by Chester Kessler. Mandrake Memorabilia Show.



Allen Ginsberg in 1959. Photo by Kessler.

lery in the dressed-up section of town is doing this. Encouraging.

Scene 5: North Beach, the 50s again, the Mandrake Gallery at 1931 Union. Tapes of Kenneth Patchen reading his poetry while you wander through the rooms looking at writers' manuscripts, drawings, collages, newspaper clippings, posters, a 1959 photograph of Allen Gins-

berg, without beard, without long hair, grinning.

Allen was grinning last Saturday night, too, when he and six poets who read with him in galleries and coffee houses here during the 50s assembled cross-legged on mats on the stage of Nourse Auditorium, before an overflowing house.

Western technology, Eastern technique again. Ginsberg, the Jewish cantor, looking thinner and more ascetic than usual, chanting to the Future Buddha (as he explained it) through a microphone. The same grin.

Ginsberg is for real. He has replaced his angry "Howl" of the last decade ("I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked") with chants, breathing exercises, yoga, peyote, LSD.

The "best minds"—some of them—are still going mad, and Ginsberg is still angry. He says so: ANGER, he shouts in capital letters, telling it but no longer showing it—how to get rid of anger? How to be a man of peace, a holy man like the holy men he met in India, a guru? Back to the chants, the acid, etc.

Unfortunately, back to poems. Still grinning.

Ginsberg can't write anymore. I'm not sure he cares to. I'm not sure it matters, for him. On stage he spewed an interminable barrage of apocalyptic visions, prophecies, mundanities, unsifted details of various trips, and little editorials. Like: give Hanson Baldwin (military editor for the New York Times) a good orgasm and that will cure his liking guns so much. That sort of thing. Cheers from part of the house.

Ginsberg is immensely gifted, intelligent, sensitive. I'm glad he's around. But his mind is too slack for poetry; in emptying himself of anger and hate, he also has emptied himself of the tension of form versus dramatic reality, of idea versus newly perceived image, which animates poetry and all art.

To greater or lesser degrees this is true of everyone who read at the Nourse. Mike McClure began a pretty poem of lions about to make love on a beach under the moon, and ended it ten minutes later in growls and snorts and noun after noun after noun.

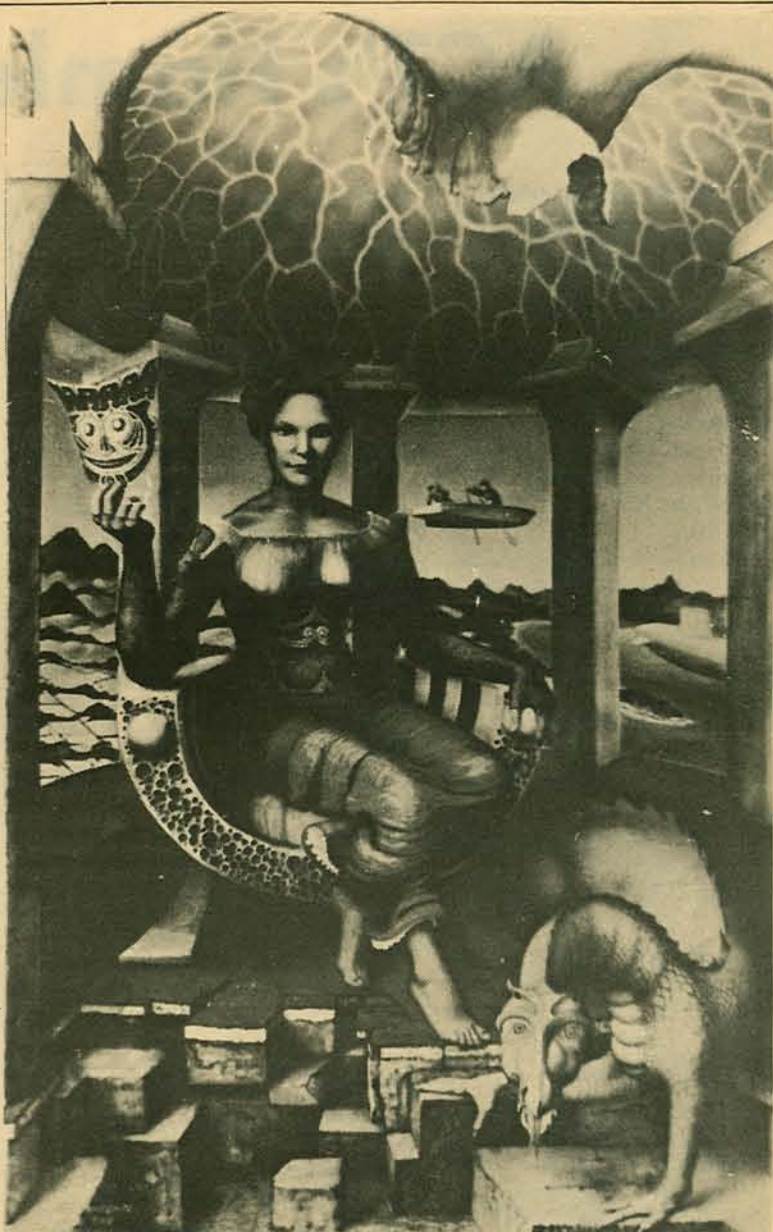
Phil Whalen, whom I still admire at times, read his fragments of a great poem that he'll never put together. David Meltzer read poems about his wife watering flowers while he was writing poems; John Weiners read line after bathetic line on the level of:

"we do not live
nor shall we die
with destinies entwined
extant as a star."

(I apologize for breaking these lines my own way; I have not seen this poem on the page.)

The low point of the evening was Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Assassination Raga." Ferlinghetti's high ranting voice; a sitar droning out of a tape recorder on the podium, the volume controlled by Ferlinghetti; lines like "Sitar sings the only sound that still can still all violence," and "Sitar sounds us to hate hate and love love."

Ferlinghetti has a doctorate from the Sorbonne; he has read a lot of poetry. He constantly borrows other poet's key lines—which is fine, so did T.S. Eliot. This night it was Dylan Thomas's "The force that through the



Tony Owen's painting "Anna Materre and the Golden Dragon," in the Moore Gallery Second Joint Show. (Photo by Steve Marcuse.)

green fuse drives the flower/
Drives my green age."

I'm not sure how alluding to this particular Thomas poem illuminates the Kennedy assassination. But I'll go along with Lawrence if he uses a line well. He used this one abominably—and he used it over and over, like this:

"The force that through the green fuse drives the flower/
Drives death TV." No. No.

The high point of the evening was not a poem but an essay by Lew Welch, first on the program. Maybe he calls it a poem, I call it an essay. It's quite long, it's mostly in prose, a collage of quotations from Gertrude Stein, James Agee and others, an argument with Arthur Koestler, anecdotes about insane asylums, about Londoners dying of smog, about the Johns in skid row bars with urine glazing slimy floors.

Whatever we call it, it was well written, and Welch, looking as always dissipated and cadaverous, comic, reads with great power and conviction. He told the people: Get out of the City before it burns down—the City as anthropological fact.

It's all going to come down around our heads, Welch argues, and if anybody survives it'll be by learning again how to live in and with Nature. Welch's strength is that he doesn't get all sentimental about Going Back to Nature. Hold onto your minds, he said, "we'll need them."

We? The new civilization. The 25th Century, in a way.

But hardly anyone in the house caught on until halfway through Welch's reading that this was no poet either, but a prophet.

Robert Duncan and George Stanley are supposed to read this week, Wednesday and Thursday nights at Glide Memorial Methodist. Word is Duncan may not read, and similar schedule mix-ups did not get Stanley's name on the listings. Watch the daily papers for announcements.

And so the Wake continues...

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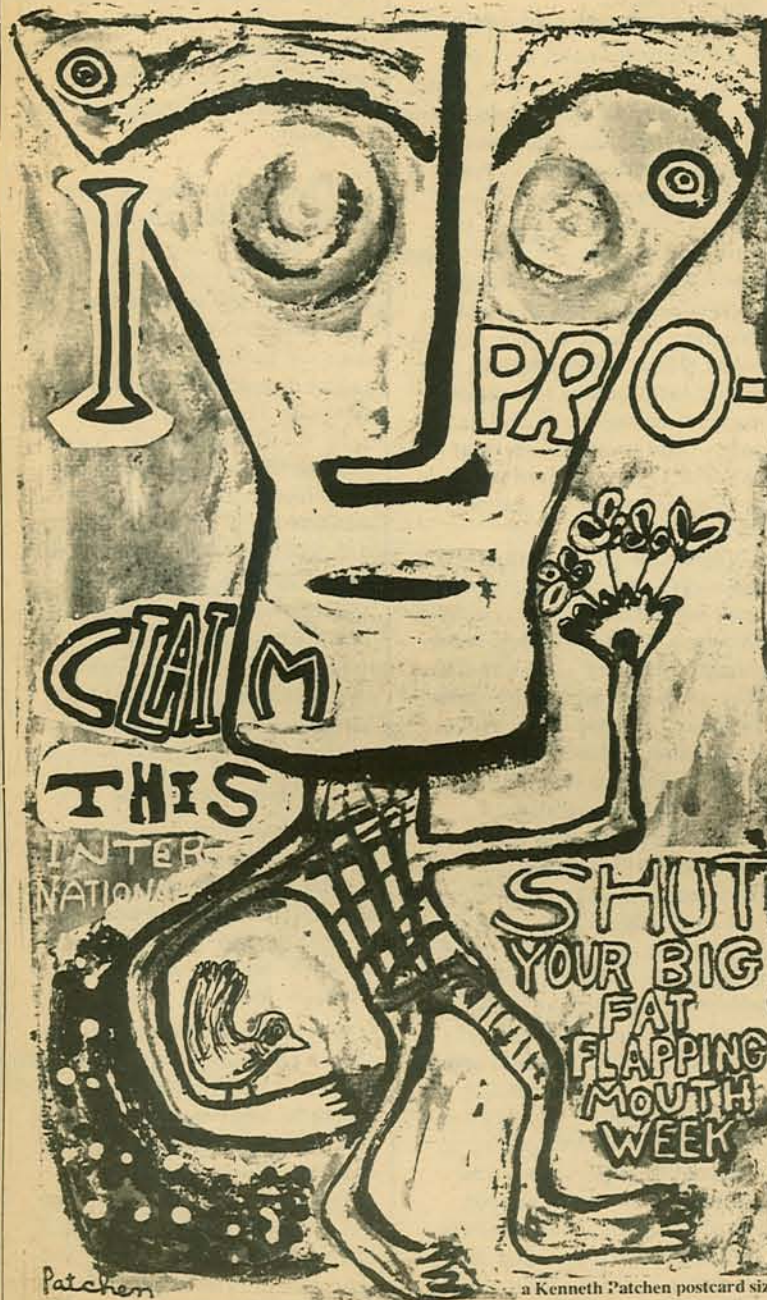
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a Kenneth Patchen postcard size poem-drawing, Mandrake Gallery

ACT's Hamlet: 'A howl of grief'

By Rolfe Peterson

"Hamlet," ACT, SF
An original revue, ACT, SF

Comparisons are said to be odious, but they are inevitable when another Hamlet comes along. Paul Shenar's, in the new production by the American Conservatory Theater, compares favorably to the college and little theater Hamlets you may have seen.

When he remembers his lines he is even professional. But in our generation, we have had the Hamlets of Gielgud and Olivier against which to measure subsequent versions, and that's too bad for Shenar.

His falls into the Gielgud category--sensitive and distraught and a bit too fancy prancy. Gielgud's voice, one of the greatest musical instruments of our time, triumphed over his tendency to preciousness. But Shenar doesn't have Gielgud's voice.

Olivier's Hamlet came as a shock because it demonstrated that a man could talk in Shakespeare's poetry and be sensitive

and tormented and still be a man. Here again the comparison is unfavorable to Shenar. A teenager

Under William Ball's guidance, Shenar plays Hamlet as a whining teen-ager, more like a neurotic Romeo than an angry, saddened man in his twenties. In one speech his high, plaintive voice drops unexpectedly to a more natural baritone, and one realizes that this is where his voice ought to have been all the time.

Ball's weakness as a director is a failure to recognize that a concept brilliant on paper might not come off on stage. The howl of grief that starts low and then winds higher and higher like a siren, for instance (the Howl of Grief has been big with derivative directors ever since Olivier stood Broadway on its ear with it in "Oedipus"), turns out to be beyond the acting powers of Shenar or Scott Hylands, but Ball insists that they go ahead and make asses of themselves doing it.

Hylands is perhaps the better illustration of what is wrong with this Hamlet because, while Shenar's part is so large and so mixed with good and bad that it leaves one only with a vague, troubled impression of inadequacy, Hyland's Laertes compresses all of Ball's affectations and artificialities and tricks into one brief, abominable performance.

Ray Reinhardt is pretty good as the King, Angela Paton is miscast as the Queen, Patrick Tovatt is a model of restraint and effectiveness as Horatio and Harry Frazier makes a great success of Polonius by imitating Frank Morgan.

His advice to Laertes is a sample of Ball's daring cuts--he gets as far as "To thine ownself be true..." then his two offspring join him, giggling, in "...and it follows as the night the day..." and Polonius, whipped, simply says, "Et cetera, et cetera," and that's the end of it.

Why, then, following this admirable audacity, does Ball prolong Ophelia's mad scene (in which Izetta Smith does all that an actress can do) to the point where I thought I might run mad myself? It's erratic, is what it is.

Miss Smith is very good as Ophelia.

The best all-round actor in this production, and perhaps the best in ACT, is Jay Doyle. He plays both the ghost and the player king, and especially in the latter he shows the kind of stage presence and authority and sense of humor that make characters come alive on the stage.

Costumes and sets are good, music and sound effects are excellent and these elements give

the production a texture and atmosphere that make this an interesting and worthwhile "Hamlet." It might easily have been memorable, but for Ball and Shenar.

Good, not funny

ACT also has unveiled its first original revue, for which Nagle Jackson must take most of the credit and blame, since he directed it and wrote most of the sketches.

He is handicapped in that none of his performers is basically a comic, although Ruth Kobart can be a very funny woman and Ann Weldon gradually is learning to be and Deborah Sussel has the rare combination of young-girl attractiveness and comic in-

stinct that will, with practice, make her good at this sort of thing.

But Barry MacGregor and Mark Bramhall are just good actors, not funny men. And some of Jackson's targets for satire, like TV commercials, are sitting ducks.

So it doesn't quite make it, although there are some funny moments like the quick gags with the monks (McLuhan and Rowan and Martin are right) and the gibes at ACT itself, including a good parody of "Tiny Alice."

Right now the embarrassments are as frequent as the laughs, but as a continuing, changing ACT satirical revue seems to me to be a worthwhile project.

'La Chinoise'

'Two things at once'

by Larry Felson

Jean-Luc Godard's latest film "La Chinoise" assaults the viewer like a long, disjointed hallucination whose visions are facts. The film demonstrates how Maoist thought affects five French youths living communally in an almost elegant Paris flat.

The subtitle, "A Film in the Process of Being Made," underlines the structural arbitrariness of Godard's method: dialogues, monologues, captions flashing on screen, literary quotations, cartoon-strip inserts, titles between scenes, voices off-camera, songs, music by Stockhausen next to Vivaldi, full-screen photographs of Mao, Brecht, Shakespeare, a cow, Algerian terrorists, a Bonnard painting....

Sans rapprochement

The film proceeds from sequence to sequence assembling these often contrary elements side by side without reconciling them.

A scene near the end depicts Yvonne (Juliet Berto), a farm girl who resorts to prostitution when necessary, wielding a shiny toy machine gun ("rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat," she says softly) behind a huge barricade of little red Mao books. Suddenly, she magically folds the gun into a transistor radio, pulls up the aerial: news of the world.

Guillaume (Jean-Pierre Leaud), an actor, recounts a story of a Chinese student studying in Paris who appeared with face covered in bandages at a protest demonstration in front of the Russian Embassy shouting, "Look what they've done to me, look what they've done to me!" As the paparazzi surround the student taking pictures and asking questions, he unravels the bandages to reveal no wounds, no marks.

The newsmen scream, "Fake! Phony!" and the Chinese student screams back, "But you don't understand, you don't understand!" Guillaume mimes the scene by wrapping and unwrapping a bandage on his own face while he tells the story. He then explains, "It was TRUE theater, a real theatrical act."

In the next breath, Guillaume states, "The world must change--my father, who fought the Germans, runs a Mediterranean vacation spa and what he doesn't realize is that his resort is operated under the same principle as the concentration camps."

Shots of posters of Mao and revolutionaries with rifles over their heads while Guillaume de-

fiantly says, "We must have solidarity and VIOLENCE!"

Film within the film

Guillaume laughs self-consciously as Godard, off-camera, questions the sincerity of his last response. Guillaume-Leaud insists that he is not being melodramatic just because he knows he is being filmed. Quick shot of camera and cameraman. Godard asks another question and Leaud responds by remembering a line from a Brecht play: "I turn my head (he turns his head) and the gesture assaults me."

Douglas Giebel, who reviews little theater and cultural events for the Guardian, is producing and directing a summer session of five shows at Bigfork Summer Theater on Flathead Lake near Kalispell, Montana. His reviews will appear again next fall when he returns to work in San Francisco.

Guillaume-Leaud goes on:

"There are fragments of a great play in me, an unfinished course searching in me...it's part of a great silent operation." Somebody off-camera says, "Good take." There is a shot of the slate board, then the screen goes black for a long two seconds.

New scene. The clapboard. Yvonne, washing dishes, says to Henri (Michel Semeniako), the highly intellectual revisionist member of this Marxist-Leninist cell, "You promised to take me to see 8 1/2." Godard reminds us that we are at the movies. Henri leaves.

Veronique (Anne Wiazemski), the most radical of the group, is standing in the kitchen, and tells Yvonne, "Correct policy is the starting place of all revolution. Why are you washing the dishes?" Yvonne: "To get them clean." Veronique: "Exactly, correct policy. Paris is dirty."

To be concluded...

The above roughly estimates the form of "La Chinoise." The film proceeds image after image and word after word, moving from one perspective to another relying not only on collage-effect references and associations, but also on disassociations and opaque inconclusions.

Veronique kills a visiting Soviet Minister of Culture--but not without first murdering an innocent stranger. In a long dialogue with the journalist Francis Jeanson, Veronique is confronted with the idea that a revolution cannot occur simply as the result of isolated acts of

terror by a small group of Maoist revolutionaries.

The Algerian revolution was supported publicly if silently by a great many Frenchmen. Jeanson asks: "Where is this support?"

Two things at once

The youth in this film are presented in narrow aspect, as if Godard were attempting to identify the internal relations of political awareness only.

The characters rarely touch--they aren't interested in romantic love. Only Guillaume reveals any sensitivity to intimate personal feelings, and then he is taught an ambiguous lesson by Veronique, his supposed girlfriend, as they read Mao while listening to dixieland. She puts on some 19th century passion music by Ravel and bluntly tells him she no longer loves him.

He is incoherent with disbelief as the music echoes his feelings for her while the momentary reality of her words contradicts that tenderness and passion. "We must learn to do two things at once," she says finally, proving her point.

"Il faut confronter les idee vagues avec des images claires"--we must replace vague ideas with clear images. This slogan lettered on the wall of the apartment summarizes Godard's fragmentary method of image-making and constant search for an adequate language.

In "La Chinoise" the dominance of the written and spoken word lessens the visual excitement of the film to the point that what is being seen becomes rather uninteresting and monotonous, with the exception of a few spectacular visual explosions that whirl through dense layers of language. And that language is repetitious Maoist ranting from the little red book.

Mono-dimensional

The characters are, consequently, one-dimensional (although that dimension is interesting and extremely relevant in France, 1968), and the film exhausts itself in a tautological circle of ideas.

Why isn't Guillaume lusting after Veronique? Are her breasts beautiful, do they fascinate him? Living in San Francisco in 1968, love and the body's sensitivity are the primary beasts.

Godard would say: Yes, but JFK, Medger Evers, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Bobby Sutton, RFK...you must learn to do two things at once.

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A beauty contest where all the entrants are men

By Margo Skinner

The Queen (Presidio)
Bedazzled (Larkin)
Dr. Faustus (Regency)

"The Queen" is a fast-moving documentary about a beauty contest--with a difference. The entrants are men. They transform themselves into "women" with the aid of cosmetics, wigs, padding, special bras that promote cleavage, and jewels, furs, feathers, sequins, bows.

Even in "male" attire--slack suit and Twiggy hairdo--the top queen, Richard Finnochio, could pass. Unlike most men in the film, he moves gracefully. Delicate-featured and blond, gorgeous in an evening dress and a shoulder-length wig, he's a Marilyn Monroe type (though without her animation). He has little dialogue, however, and that

spoken low. Perhaps the voice is a giveaway.

Voice is no problem for Jack Doroshow, a pixie-faced, assured PR type who emcees the contest; his brassy tones recall Ethel Merman. In drag, he plays up his resemblance to a Jewish momma.

But some aspirants are clearly, and ludicrously, men dressed up. Their voices are baritone; they walk wrong, stand wrong, their rough facial skin shows even under thick pancake makeup.

MOVIES

The contest itself is almost anticlimactic, surrounded by such interesting scenes as: the boys discussing their draft status, hairy-legged men stepping into lingerie, Finnochio's truly pathetic fear that his wig won't show in time, the bitching of a dark-haired losing contestant (one of the film's funniest moments).

I kept hoping for greater psychological depth throughout. But the ending is superb. "The Queen"--in workaday slacks again--perches in the neon glare of a bus depot, fingering "her" delicate fairy-tale crown, surrounded by a crowd of rumpled and uncaring people. Let them eat cake.

A note: even in the transvestite world, first prize goes to the archetypal WASP fairy-tale princess: blonde, blue-eyed, fair-skinned. An attractive Negro colleague, most natural-looking of the lot, ends up second best.

Ads for "Bedazzled" play up another kind of queen, Raquel Welch, whose glorious figure slithers briefly through the film as "Lust," one of the Seven Deadly Sins. Notable among the other Six are Barry Humphreys, a caty Envy and Anger in sweater with slogan "Make war, not love."

The Sins are the minions of a likable modern Lucifer (Dudley Moore) whose victim (Peter Cook) is a handsome but inept

short-order man in a London cafe. Miserable over his humdrum life and failure to make time with a waitress (American Eleanor Bron, who switches accents and roles as versatily as a female Peter Sellers), Cook cannot even commit suicide successfully.

Then up pops the Devil, and cons Cook into the conventional contract, here signed with a ballpoint pen: his soul for seven wishes. The three leads then romp through a series of quick changes--one of the funniest is Lucifer's portrayal of a disdainful, misogynous rock singer.

Presumably, "Dr. Faustus" is a straighter version of the same eternal bargain. However, the Richard Burtons' excursion into Elizabethan drama, like a similar Douglas Fairbanks-Mary Pickford venture in 1929, will be remembered mainly for a deathless credit line. In the earlier flick, it was "The Taming of the Shrew" by William Shakespeare, with additional dialogue by Sam Taylor.

"Dr. Faustus" is, in small type, "from a play by Christopher Marlowe," and in much bolder face, "adapted for the screen by Nevill Coghill."

Who he? Burton co-directs this peculiar hodgepodge with Coghill. They combine Marlowe's mighty lines with some frightening special effects (a maggoty corpse with a crown on its head) and some uninspired ones (improbable satyrs turning somersaults).

C. B. DeMille lives on: naked longhaired girls all over the sets, and a big battle scene, probably to soup up the play's slow and episodic movement.

Coghill took a chunk out of "Tamberland" to give Faustus-Burton a vision of medieval knights clashing in full plate armor. But Tamberlan's Mongols wore Persian mesh and pointed helmets, and more likely waved scimitars than swords.

Nor does the Eternal Female turn up in "Faustus" with anything like the assembly-line regularity shown in this film by Elizabeth Taylor. As the shade of Helen of Troy, she is embraced by the aging scholar (hopefully with more gusto than Burton shows); she would be nearly beautiful enough if they washed off two-thirds of her eye makeup. But they didn't and Taylor keeps coming back as other women, with progressively heavier paint jobs, until as paramour of Alexander the Great she's plated like a gold battleship.

Christopher Marlowe's metaphysician did not damn his soul for Miss Taylor, nor for a bevy of naked damsels. Neither a romantic nor a specialist in sex, he was Renaissance man challenging Medieval orthodoxy and seeking godlike power over the natural world.

Burton, wooden-faced throughout, embodies little of this Promethean challenge, though he reads his lines adequately. Minor parts are played by the clearly amateur Oxford Dramatic Society.

Were it not for Andreas Teuber as Mephistopheles, I'd say skip it. Underplaying magnificently, he steals scene after scene from Burton. His Devil is thoughtful and compassionate, with the afterglow of his once celestial state. A fine new actor, Teuber's voice is as beautiful as Leo Genn's or the late Robert Donat's.



By Creighton H. Churchill

Success finally lurched into the new Committee Theater on Montgomery, a wino in vintage cellar, when Eugene's, the nightclub for McCarthy, opened with diverse stars and, on good nights, packed houses. Booked with local and national artists, at unscheduled hours, Eugene's zenithed out just before the primary with the appearance of Woody Allen and singer Oshannah Fast Wolf. Patrons stood on each other's shoulders as Allen swung into his stock act, hooded mike clasped to his lips--it should have been stuck down his throat, for Allen performs in a whisper. He was asked how to practice for success with women: Allen breathed that you should start by making love to the lesser vegetables, then move up to the various fruits. It was a San Francisco night. Miss Fast Wolf, a mixed-blood Apache, composes her own songs, both in Indian dialects and English. Gifted with a clear, lilting voice, blessed with a superb P.A. system, she sang and guitaried a series of love ballads. The audience, already captivated, was palpably stunned when she asked, please, if anyone knew if Sen. McCarthy had ever taken a position on the American Indian problem, or, indeed, if he even knew there was such a problem. Nobody said a word, as the audience, for probably the first time, remembered there were Indians left in America other than on television and at Eugene's.

Trip-Toe through Transistors

Before the "Eugenation" of the Committee Theater, it held a most extraordinary recital, also by volunteer artists, and shepherded by producer Ken Snyder. Called "Kolectra," or the mind-art of Joseph Vincent Riccio, it celebrated the marriage of color, electronics and the kaleidoscope in large, box-like structures with plastic screen-faces. Some were massive, six feet tall, five feet across, others less imposing, but when plugged in they resembled fluid stained-glass windows looking through to a nether dimension. On the screens was an interplay of abstract patterns that whorled, changed color, and were counter-pointed by random circuit combinations of flashing lights, while guest artists sang or played guitars in rhythms improvised from the melange. It is a new art medium of infinite potential. Telephone Riccio at 885-1441 in S.F.

Wright-winged on Maiden Lane

One of the few California examples of Frank Lloyd Wright's designs, unless you believe the rumor that he created our governor out of plastic and old Wagon Train reruns, is the Reese Palley gallery on Maiden Lane just off Union Square. Displaying highly representational ceramic little beasts by Edward Boehm, the gallery has been restored to original Wrightness after much labor and an opening party that spilled more champagne on the Lane than when it was solely for sporting Maidens and their customers. The early Guggenheim-museum style of interior is fascinating, if you don't like china birds.

Al Jarreau: nova and boss

Al Jarreau, a young local singer, found many fans at Eugene's performances and is now in residence at Gatsby's in Sausalito on the weekends. He sings in a superb Bossa Nova style with astonishing voice control.

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"Satirathon," the Committee's fifth anniversary effort to outlast their audience, will explode from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m. on June 16 at the Committee on Broadway. Featuring most everybody from from past Committees, it should squeeze yet another round from the grapes of wrath.

Birth in the Round

Contrary to popularizations, the "Rolling Renaissance" is not a month-long joint-making contest featuring retrained Cuban cigar twisters. It is, rather, San Francisco's first "Duodecatacular," a city-wide celebration and exhibit during June of the words, art, films, music and people that have made the City a creative, hippy Earth-mother since WWII. Here are some samples of the sense-media-orgy (call information at the Intersection, 397-6061, for more). Of note are the exhibitions, particularly: The Second Joint Show at the Moore Gallery, featuring the Fillmore Postermakers, now older; Early Bohemians at the Labaudt Gallery, about Hep, not hip, founding fathers; The Elevated Underground at Cellini Gallery, with North Beach in the 1950's artists; and local current artists (1961-1965) at the Bolles Gallery. Also jazz at the Both/And and photo/freaks at the Light Sound Dimension domicile.

And The Carousel goes Round and Round

Bitter times hit San Francisco's gentle people last week. The Kennedy disaster. Then the closing, by court order, of the Carousel Ball Room, operated by the "Grateful-Jefferson" but owned by a super-straight company. Then the Dead-Airplane combination tried to play Sunday Wake for Kennedy in the Park, but were shut down by police and the riot squad, after fruitless appeals to our liberal mayor. Three thousand people stood, musicless, in the park. Peacefully.

All the news is not bad. KSAN, the new FM radio medium for Patriarch Tom Donahue and his ex-KMPX family, is owned by hard-eared and grey-flannel Metromedia corporation. The two life-styles may not mix, but one can wish. Like electronic vultures, other FM stations swooped down to pick up listeners during the old KMPX strike by changing formats: KOIT is now tape-programmed with an aptly named "KOIT-mother"; KSJO, San Jose, is college-ish; the new KMPX totters onward. But KSAN, filled with the heads that dreamed up the SF scene, still sounds best.

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Manhattan madness

— continued from page 5

for his "culture."

Finally, industries--although separated from residential areas by a green belt--are just a short hop away from home. You get to your job in five or ten minutes. Many people can even walk or ride a bicycle to work. The need for mass transit is eliminated.

There is a completely individualized system, with no congestion, no freeways, no air and water pollution.

The first of the satellite cities --Reston, Va., 18 miles south of Washington, D.C.--was created by a millionaire real estate genius from New York, Robert Simon, who became fed up with commuting from Long Island to his Manhattan office.

BARTD, on the other hand, is taking us on an expensive ride to Manhattan. And there are two majestic ironies:

First, the builder of the biggest blockbuster now planned is Manhattanite David Rockefeller who evidently wants to spread New York's misery. His "Rockefeller Center West," a labyrinth of theaters, television studios, retail stores, office buildings that look like inverted ice cube trays and underground passages and shopping arcades hooked up to BARTD, alone will add 50,000 people, all jammed into one concrete mass, to San Francisco's weekday population. Office space alone will produce 15,000 new jobs.

Nobody seems to dare to argue against job-creating. It's humanitarian. But nobody stops to ponder what will happen when you keep pouring additional souls in one given area--the pushing and shoving mobs that are created as in Manhattan, satellite ghettos and the loss of all individuality as people turn into numbers in cells with huge skyscrapers. Nobody stops to think of what Manhattan is like--only the additional commerce and money it will produce.

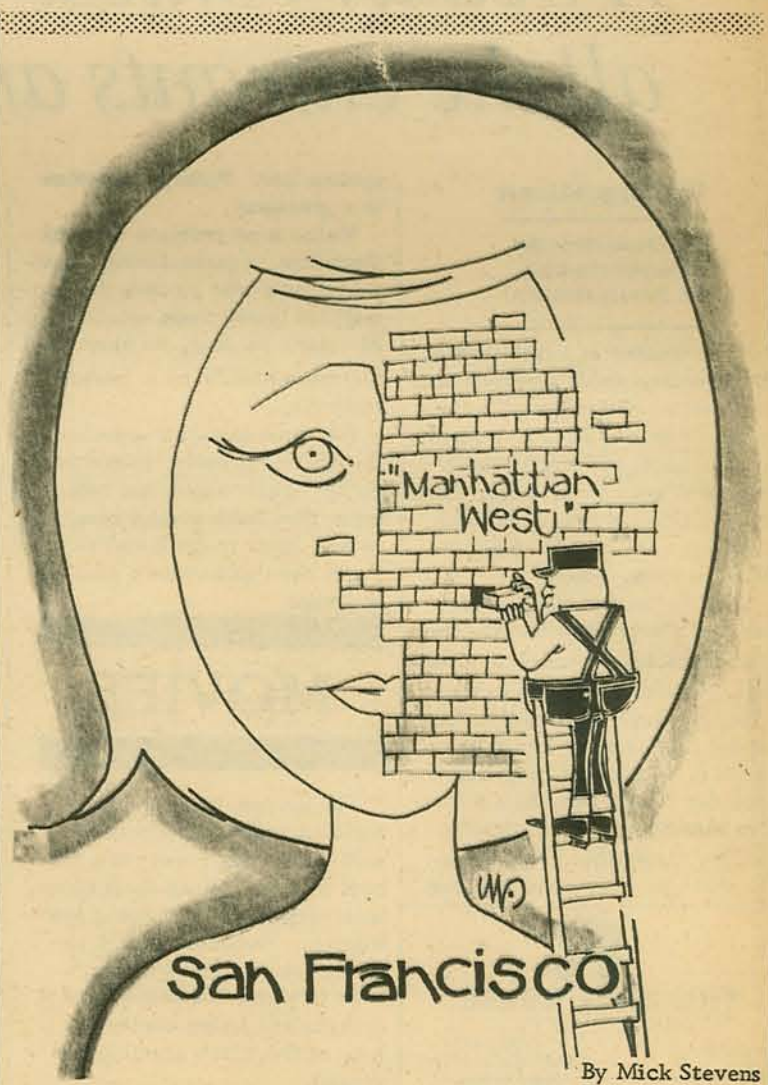
And that leads to the second irony. While San Francisco fumbles toward Manhattan West, many giant corporations headquartered in New York's skyscrapers now are fleeing the scene. Pepsi-Cola is moving from Park Avenue in mid-Manhattan to a 112-acre polo club grounds in suburban Westchester County.

American Can Co. is shifting its 1,300 employees at international headquarters in Manhattan to a 141-acre tract in Greenwich, Conn. Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation is leaving for 60 acres in Stamford, Conn. Altogether, seven of the nation's largest companies are getting out of "Fun City," as New York Mayor John V. Lindsay calls it.

Board Chairman Leonard C. Yaseen of the Fantus Company, largest location consultant in the world, says 14 more corporations are seriously considering moving. The reason: problems such as "commuting, the rising crime rate, swollen welfare rolls and the subway strike." Yaseen concludes: "New York is not a happy place to be."

The main reason, however, as American Can Co. officials explained, is that there simply is no more room to "live and breathe in New York City." The city has become so big, so overpopulated, that it is totally, perhaps irrevocably, unmanageable.

Now San Francisco, refusing to heed the lessons of New York, is headed on the same course toward unmanageable bigness. Instead of altering this lemminglike march, the new zoning plan just passed by the supervisors makes it a continuing possibility. The argument is that the new high-rise structures will not be as close together as they are in Manhattan.



By Mick Stevens

Perhaps, perhaps not. But the system will be the same: people commuting from suburban areas via a 50-year-old train and subway system into a centralized business district that every day grows more congested, more uncivilized. That is the Manhattan system.

When it is fully operating here, San Francisco no longer will be "the last big city worth living in." It'll only be a place to work in. As Herb Caen, San Francis-

co's greatest glorifier, puts it: "I don't know how much longer we can maintain the myth of San Francisco." As long as it takes to construct BART and the new high rises?

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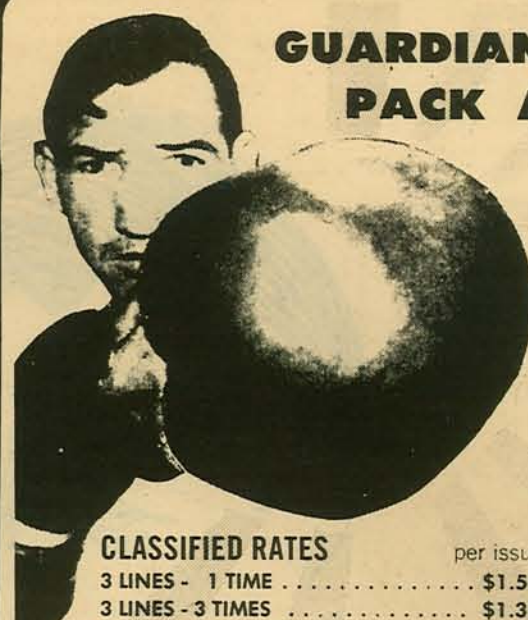
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Joel Fort

—continued from page 4

Those who befriend the poor, the sick, the weak and the powerless are most likely to die of a bullet while dangerous extremists of the status quo fan the flames of hatred with safety and approbation.

As Robert Kennedy himself said of his brother's death by gun, "It is past time we wipe this stain of violence from our land."

A prescription for control of violence should begin by flooding Congress and local legislatures with demands for strong gun laws. San Francisco Supervisor Robert Mendelsohn should be commended for his current effort to bring such a measure into being.

We should replace bureaucrats and agencies which are failing to meet the needs of citizens, thus increasing frustration and discontent to the point that some feel such bitterness and anger that they strike out in violence.

Nationalism, racism and extremism in general must be combatted at all levels beginning with ourselves. The Viet Nam war should be ended forthwith. Gun stores should close. The mass media should show some sense of social responsibility and end their obsession with, and conditioning toward, violence.

Children and their parents must be taught to love by seeing this capacity in those with whom they identify. Little of this will be done on a mass basis, but as true of all progress, it begins in an individual.

Each of us can seek to implement the ideals of the Kennedys, King, and indeed, of free men. Thomas Carlyle put it well: "The courage we desire and prize is not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully."

Or as T.S. Eliot said, "the line line down the middle of the road is yellow."

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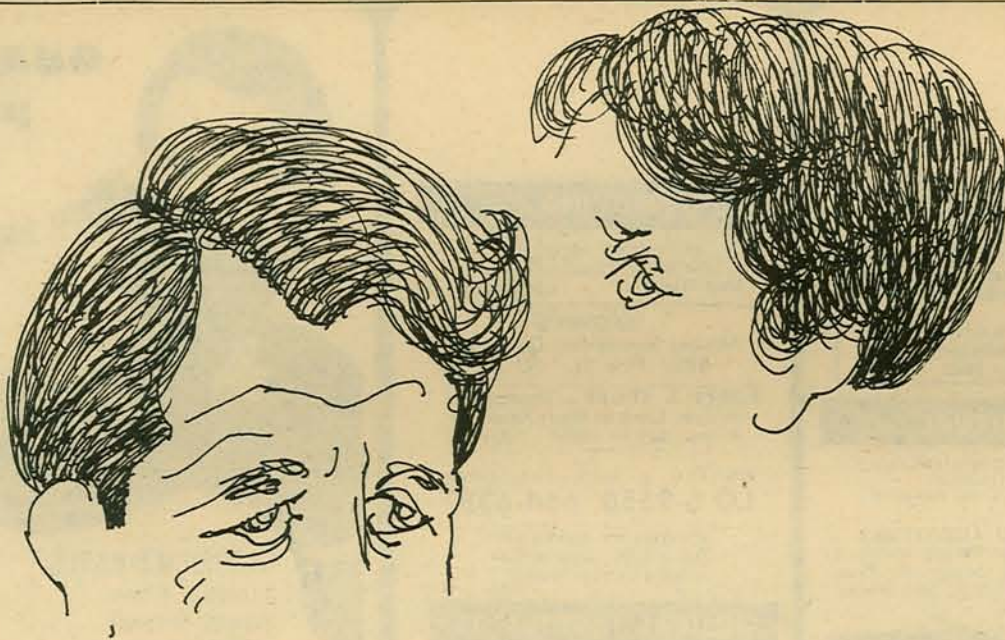
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**'Sorrow is a form of self-pity
-we have to go on'**

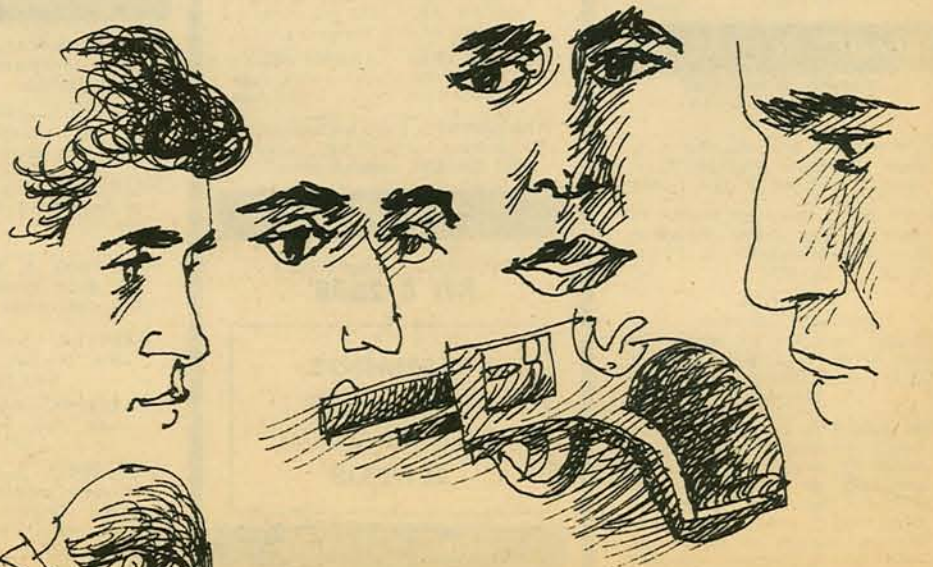
-Sen. Robert Kennedy after
his brother Jack's assassination.



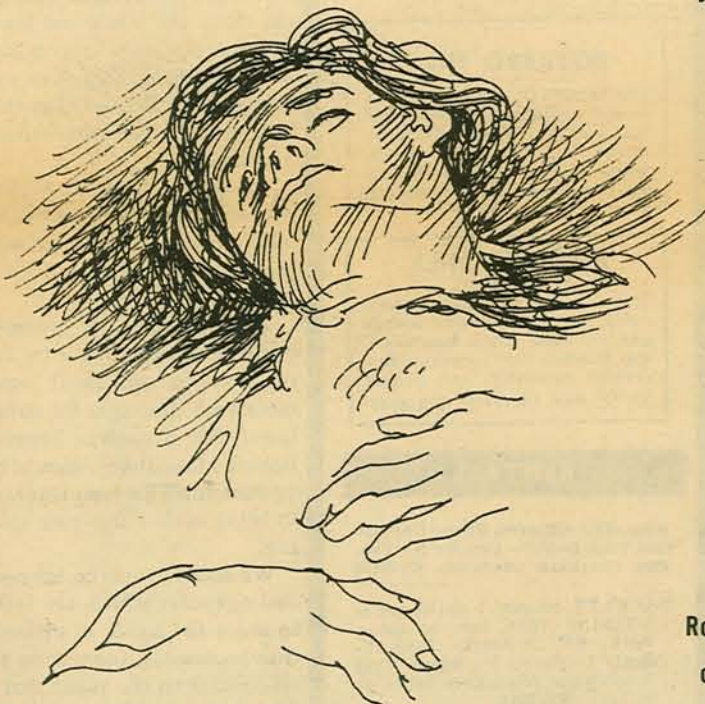
Robert Kennedy ... during his victory speech.



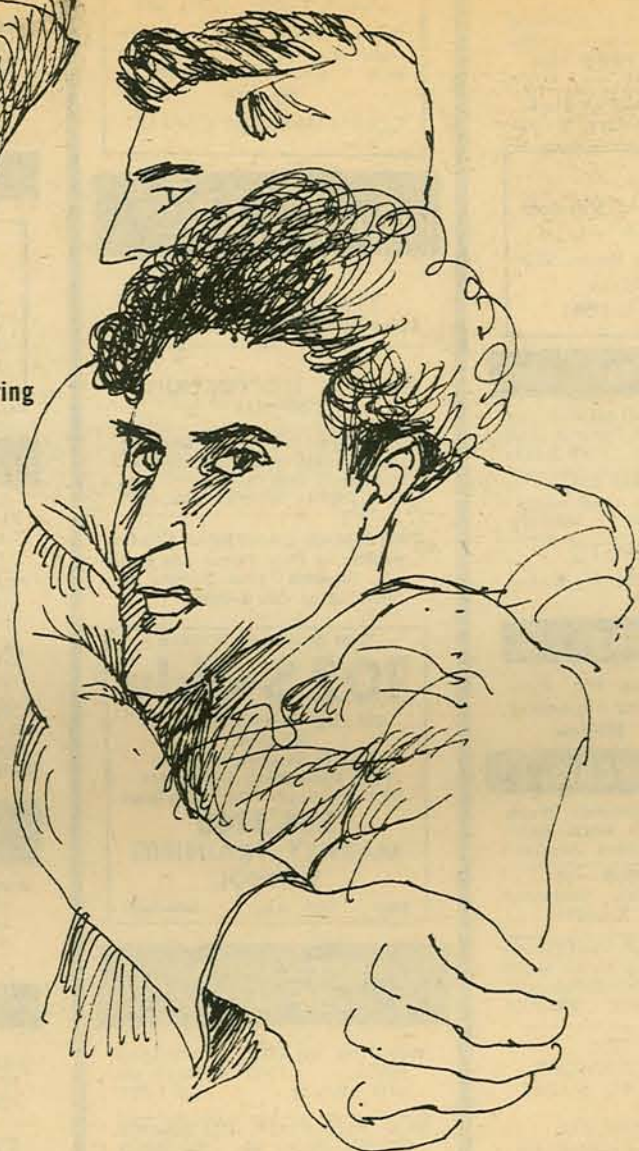
Ethel Kennedy



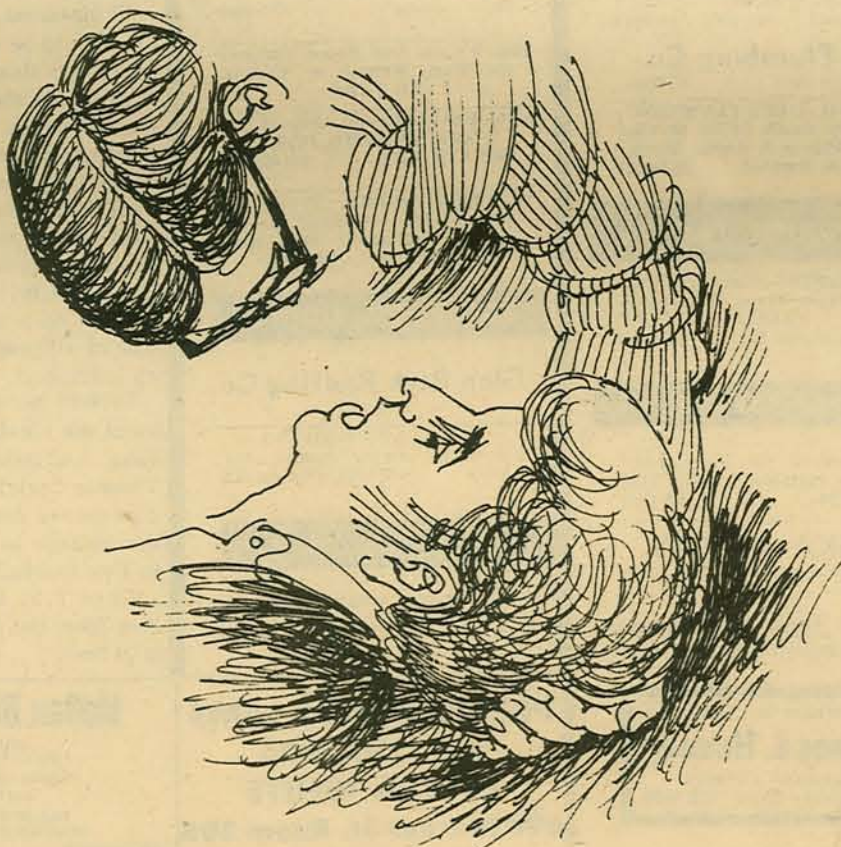
Death weapon: .22 caliber, nine shot Ivor Johnson Cadet.



Robert Kennedy jr., 14, upon hearing
of his father's assassination.



Sirhan: "I hate him. I hate him."



Still conscious, moments after the wound.

By Earl Thollander

These sketches by Earl Thollander, The Guardian's artist reporter,
were drawn while watching on television the events of the Kennedy
assassination.